


Almanzor and Almahide: or,
the conquest of Granada by
the Spaniards. A tragedy, in
two parts. By Mr. Dryden.

John Dryden





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Dryden, John

ESTCID: T063283

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London: printed for J. and R. Tonson, 1763.

[29],32-94,[2]p. : ill. ; 12°



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VOLUME THE FIRST

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Vol. 3, pa. 5

G. B. Del.

Almanzor and Almabide.
OR, THE
Conquest of GRANADA
BY THE
SPANIARDS.
A
TRAGEDY,
IN TWO PARTS.
By J. DRYDEN.

——— *Major rerum mihi nascitur Ordo;
Majus Opus moveo.* Virg. *Æneid.*



L O N D O N.
Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N in the Strand.
M D C C T X I I I.



TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
DUKE.

SIR,

Heroick Poesy has always been Sacred to Princes, and to Heroes. Thus *Virgil* inscribed his *Æneids* to *Augustus Cæsar*, and of latter Ages, *Tasso* and *Ariosto* dedicated their Poems to the House of *Este*. It is indeed but Justice, that the most Excellent and most Profitable Kind of Writing should be addressed by Poets to such Persons, whose Characters have, for the most part, been the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Guides and Patterns of their Imitation. And Poets, while they Imitate, Instruct. The feigned Heroe inflames the True : And the dead Virtue animates the Living. Since, therefore, the World is governed by Precept and Example, and both these can only have Influence from those Persons who are above us, that Kind of Poesy, which excites to Virtue the greatest Men, is of greatest use to human Kind

It is from this Consideration, that I have pretended to Dedicate to your Royal Highness these faint Representations of your own Worth and Valour in Heroick Poetry : Or, to speak more properly, not to Dedicate, but to restore to you those Ideas, which in the more perfect Part of my Characters I have taken from you. Heroes may lawfully be delighted with their own Praises, both as they are farther Incitements to their Virtue, and as they are the highest Returns which Mankind can make them for it.

And certainly, if ever Nation were obliged, either by the Conduct, the Personal Valour, or the good Fortune of a Leader, the *English* are acknowledging, in all of them, to your Royal Highness. Your whole Life
has

The Epistle Dedicatory.

has been a continued Series of Heroick Actions ; which you began so early, that you were no sooner named in the World, but it was with Praise and Admiration. Even the first Blossoms of your Youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening Manhood. While you practised but the Rudiments of War, you out-went all other Captains ; and have since found none to surpass, but yourself alone. The Opening of your Glory was like that of Light. You shone to us from afar ; and disclosed your first Beams on distant Nations. Yet so, that the Lustre of them was spread abroad, and reflected brightly on your Native Country. You were then an Honour to it, when it was a Reproach to itself. And when the fortunate Usurper sent his Arms to *Flanders*, many of the Adverse Party were vanquished by your Fame, ere they tried your Valour. The Report of it drew over to your Ensigns whole Troops and Companies of converted Rebels, and made them forsake successful Wickedness, to follow an oppressed and exiled Virtue. Your Reputation waged War with the Enemies of your Royal Family, even within their

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Trenches; and the more Obstinate, or more Guilty of them, were forced to be Spies over those whom they commanded, lest the Name of *YORK* should dishonour that Army, in whose Fate it was to defeat the *Spaniards*, and force *Dunkirk* to surrender. Yet, those victorious Forces of the Rebels were not able to sustain your Arms. Where you charged in Person, you were a Conqueror. It is true, they afterwards recovered Courage; and wrested that Victory from others which they had lost to you. And it was a greater Action for them to Rally, than it was to Overcome. Thus, by the Presence of your Royal Highness, the *English* on both Sides remained Victorious, and that Army which was broken by your Valour, became a Terror to those for whom they conquered. Then it was, that at the Cost of other Nations you informed and cultivated that Valour, which was to defend your native Country, and to vindicate its Honour from the Insolence of our encroaching Neighbours. When the *Hollanders*, not contented to withdraw themselves from the Obedience which they owed their lawful Sovereign, affronted those by whose Chantry they

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they were first protected, and, (being swell'd up to a Pre-eminence of Trade, by a supine Negligence on our Side, and a sordid Parsimony on their own) dared to dispute the Sovereignty of the Seas; the Eyes of Three Nations were then cast upon you And by the joint Suffrage of King and People, you were chosen to revenge their common Injuries, to which, though you had an undoubted Title by your Birth, you had a greater by your Courage. Neither did the Success deceive our Hopes and Expectations: The most glorious Victory which was gained by our Navy in that War, was in that first Engagement, wherein, even by the Confession of our Enemies, who ever palliate their own Losses, and diminish our Advantages, your absolute Triumph was acknowledged You conquered at the *Hague*, as entirely as at *London*. and the return of a shattered Fleet, without an Admiral, left not the most impudent among them the least Pretence for a false Bonnie, or a dissembled Day of Publick Thanksgiving. All our Achievements against them afterwards, though we sometimes conquered, and were never overcome, were but a Copy of that Victory,

and

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and they still fell short of their Original ; somewhat of Fortune was ever wanting, to fill up the Title of so absolute a Defeat. Or, perhaps the Guardian Angel of our Nation was not enough concerned when you were absent, and would not employ his utmost Vigour for a less important Stake, than the Life and Honour of a Royal Admiral.

And, since that memorable Day, you have had leisure to enjoy in Peace, the Fruits of so glorious a Reputation , is was Occasion only has been wanting to your Courage, for that can never be wanting to Occasion. The same ardour still incites you to Heroick Actions ; and the same Concernment for all the Interests of your King and Brother, continues to give you restless Nights, and a generous Emulation for your own Glory. You are still meditating on new Labours for yourself, and new Triumphs for the Nation , and when our former Enemies again provoke us, you will again solicit Fate to provide you another Navy to overcome, and another Admiral to be slain. You will then lead forth a Nation eager to revenge their past Injuries , and, like the *Roman*, inexorable to Peace, 'till they have fully vanquished. Let our Enemies make their Boast
of

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of a Surprize, as the *Samnites* have of a successful Stratagem ; but the *Furcæ Caudinæ* will never be forgiven 'till they are revenged, I have always observed in your Royal Highness an extream Concernment for the Honour of your Country , it is a Passion common to you with a Brother, the most Excellent of Kings , and in your two Persons are eminent the Characters which *Homer* has given us of Heroick Virtue ; the commanding Part in *Agememnon*, and the Executive in *Achilles*. And I doubt not from both your Actions, but to have abundant Matter to fill the Annals of a glorious Reign, and to perform the Part of a just Historian to my Royal Master, without intermixing with it any thing of the Poet.

In the mean time, while your Royal Highness is preparing fresh Employments for our Pens, I have been examining my own Forces, and making trial of myself, how I shall be able to transmit you to Posterity. I have formed a Heroe, I confess, not absolutely Perfect, but of an excessive and overboiling Courage , but *Homer* and *Tasso* are my Precedents Both the *Greek* and the *Italian* Poet had well considered, that a tame
Heroe

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Heroe, who never transgresses the Bounds of Moral Virtue, would shine but dimly in an Epick Poem, the Strictness of those Rules might well give Precepts to the Reader, but would administer little of occasion to the Writer. But a Character of an eccentric Virtue is the more exact Image of human Life, because he is not wholly exempted from its Frailties; such a Person is *Almanzor*, whom I present, with all Humility, to the Patronage of your Royal Highness. I designed in him a Roughness of Character, impatient of Injuries, and a Confidence of himself, almost approaching to an Arrogance. But these Errors are incident only to great Spirits, they are Moles and Dimples, which hinder not a Face from being beautiful, though that Beauty be not regular; they are of the Number of those amiable Imperfections which we see in Mistresses, and which we pass over without a strict Examination, when they are accompanied with greater Graces. And such in *Almanzor*, are a frank and noble Openness of Nature, and Easiness to forgive his conquered Enemies, and to protect them in Distress. and above all, an inviolable Faith in his Affection.

This,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

This, Sir, I have briefly shadowed to your Royal Highness, that you may not be ashamed of that Heroe, whose Protection you undertake. Neither would I dedicate him to so Illustrious a Name, if I were conscious to myself that he did or said any thing which was wholly unworthy of it. However, since it is not just that your Royal Highness should defend, or own what, possibly, may be my Error, I bring before you this accused *Almanzor* in the Nature of a suspected Criminal. By the Suffrage of the most and best he already is acquitted, and by the Sentence of some, condemned. But as I have no reason to stand to the Award of my Enemies, so neither dare I trust the Partiality of my Friends. I make my last Appeal to your Royal Highness, as to a Sovereign Tribunal. Heroes should only be judged by Heroes, because they only are capable of measuring Great and Heroick Actions by the Rule and Standard of their own. If *Almanzor* has failed in any Point of Honour, I must therein acknowledge that he deviates from your Royal Highness, who are the Pattern of it. But if at any time he fulfils the Parts of Personal Valour, and of Conduct,

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duct of a Soldier, and of a General, or, if I could yet give him a Character more Advantageous than what he has, of the most unshaken Friend, the greatest of Subjects, and the best of Masters, I should then draw all the World a true Resemblance of your Worth and Virtues; at least, as far as they are capable of being copied by the mean Abilities of,

S I R,

Your Royal Highness's

most humble, and

most obedient Servant,

J O H N D R Y D E N.



O F
HEROICK PLAYS.
An E S S A Y.

WHETHER Heroick Verse ought to be admitted into serious Plays, is not now to be disputed, it is already in Possession of the Stage, and I dare confidently affirm, that very few Tragedies, in this Age, shall be received without it. All the Arguments which are formed against it, can amount to no more than this, that it is not so near Conversation as Prose, and therefore not so natural. But it is very clear to all who understand Poetry, that serious Plays ought not to imitate Conversation too nearly. If nothing were to be raised above that Level the Foundation of Poetry would be destroyed. And if you once admit of a Latitude, that Thoughts may be exalted, and that Images and Actions may be raised above the Life, and described in Measure without Rhyme, that leads you insensibly from your own Principles to mine. You are already so far onward of your Way, that you have forsaken the Imitation of ordinary Conversation. You are gone beyond it; and to continue where you are, is to lodge in the open Fields, betwixt two Inns. You have lost that which you call Natural, and have not acquired the last Perfection of Art. But it was only Custom which cozened us so long, we thought, because *Shakespear* and *Fletcher* went no farther, that there the Pillars of Poetry

An ESSAY *on* Heroick PLAYS.

try were to be erected That, because they excellently described Passion without Rhyme, therefore Rhyme was not capable of describing it But Time has now convinced most Men of that Error. It is indeed so difficult to write Verse, that the Adversaries of it have a good Plea against many, who undertook that Task, without being formed by Art or Nature for it Yet, even they who have written worst in it, would have written worse without it They have cozened many with their Sound, who never took the Pains to examine their Sense. In fine, they have succeeded; though it is true they have more dishonoured Rhyme by their good Success, than they have done by their Ill But I am willing to let fall this Argument It is free for every Man to write, or not to write, in Verse, as he judges it to be, or not to be his Talent, or as he imagines the Audience will receive it.

For Heroick Plays, (in which I have only used it without the Mixture of Prose) the first Light we had of them on the *English Theatre*, was from the late Sir *William D' Avenant*: It being forbidden him in the Rebelious Times to Act Tragedies and Comedies, because they contained some Matter of Scandal to those good People, who could more easily dispossess their lawful Sovereign, than indure a wanton Jest, he was forced to turn his Thoughts another way; and to introduce the Examples of moral Virtue, writ in Verse, and performed in *Recitative Musick* The Original of this Musick, and of the Scenes which adorned this Work, he had from the *Italian Opera's*. But he heightened his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the Example of *Corneille* and some *French Poets* In this Condition did this Part of Poetry remain at his Majesty's Return When growing bolder, as being now owned by a publick Authority, he reviewed his *Sage of Rhodes*, and caused it to be acted as a just *Drama*. But as few Men have the Happiness to begin and finish any new Project, so neither did he live to make his Design perfect. There wanted the Fulness of a Plot, and the Variety of Characters to form it as it ought; and, perhaps, something might have been added to the Beauty of the Style. All which he would have performed
with

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with more Exactness, had he pleased to have given us another Work of the same Nature. For myself and others who come after him. we are bound, with all Veneration to his Memory, to acknowledge what Advantage we received from that excellent Ground-work which he laid: And since it is an easy thing to add to what already is invented, we ought all of us, without Envy to him, or Partiality to ourselves, to yield him the Precedence in it.

Having done him this Justice, as my Guide; I may do myself so much, as to give an Account of what I have performed after him. I observed then, as I said, what was wanting to the Perfection of the *Siege of Rhodes*; which was Design, and Variety of Characters. And in the midst of this Consideration, by mere Accident, I opened the next Book that lay by me, which was *Ariosto in Italian*; and the very first two Lines of that Poem gave me Light to all I could desire.

*Le Donne, I Cavalier, L'arme, gli amori,
Le Cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto, &c.*

For the very first Reflection which I made was this, That an Heroick Play ought to be an Imitation (in Little) of an Heroick Poem, and consequently that Love and Valour ought to be the Subject of it. Both these Sir *William D' Avenant* had begun to shadow; but it was so, as first Discoverers draw their Maps, with Head-lands, and Promontories, and some few Out lines of somewhat taken at a distance, and which the Designer saw not clearly. The common *Drama* obliged him to a Plot well formed and pleasant, or, as the Ancients call it, One entire and great Action. But this he afforded not himself in a Story, which he neither filled with Persons, nor beautified with Characters, nor varied with Accidents. The Laws of an Heroick Poem did not dispense with those of the other but raised them to a greater height, and indulged him a farther Liberty of Fancy, and of drawing all things as far above the ordinary Proportion of the Stage, as that is beyond the common Words and Actions of Human Life. And therefore in the scanting of his Images and Design,
he

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he complied not enough with the Greatness and Majesty of an Heroick Poem.

I am sorry I cannot discover my Opinion of this kind of Writing, without dissenting much from his, whose Memory I love and honour. But I will do it with the same Respect to him, as if he were now alive, and overlooking my Paper while I write His Judgment of an Heroick Poem was this, *That it ought to be dressed in a more familiar and easy Shape, more fitted to the common Actions and Passions of Human Life; and, in short, more like a Glass of Nature, shewing us ourselves in our ordinary Habits, and figuring a more practicable Virtue to us, than was done by the Ancients or Moderns* Thus he takes the Image of an Heroick Poem from the Drama, or Stage Poetry; and accordingly divides it into five Books, representing the same Number of Acts; and every Book into several Canto's, imitating the Scenes which compose our Acts.

But this, I think, is rather a Play in Narration, (as I may call it, than an Heroick Poem. If at least you will not prefer the Opinion of a single Man, to the Practice of the most excellent Authors, both of ancient and latter Ages. I am no Admirer of Quotations, but you shall hear, if you please, one of the Ancients delivering his Judgment on this Question; it is *Petronius Arbitr*, the most elegant, and one of the most judicious Authors of the *Latin Tongue*: Who, after he had given many admirable Rules for the Structure and Beauties of an Epick Poem, concludes all in these following Words,

Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt; quod longè melius Historici faciunt sed, per ambages, Deorumque ministeria, præcipitendus est liber Spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis, sub testibus, fides

In which Sentence, and his own Essay of a Poem, which immediately he gives you, it is thought he taxes *Lucan*, who followed too much the Truth of History; crowded Sentences together, was too full of Points and too often offered at somewhat which had more of the Sting of an Epigram, than of the Dignity and State of an Heroick

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roick Poem. *Lucan* used not much the Help of his Hea-then Deities There was neither the Ministry of the Gods, nor the Precipitation of the Soul, nor the Fury of a Prophet, (of which my Author speaks) in his *Pharsalia*, he treats you more like a Philosopher than a Poet, and instructs you in Verse, with what he had been taught by his Uncle *Seneca* in Prose In one word, he walks soberly afoot, when he might fly. Yet *Lucan* is not always this Religious Historian The Oracle of *Appius*, and the Witchcraft of *Erietho* will somewhat atone for him, who was, indeed, bound up by an ill-chosen and known Argument, to follow Truth with great Exactness For my part, I am of Opinion, that neither *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Statius*, *Ariosto*, *Tasso*, nor our *English* *Spencer*, could have formed their Poems half so beautiful, without those Gods and Spirits, and those Enthusiastick Parts of Poetry, which compose the most Noble Parts of all their Writings. And I will ask any Man who loves Heroick Poetry, (for I will not dispute their Tastes, who do not) if the Ghost of *Polydorus* in *Virgil*, the Enchanted Wood in *Tasso*, and the Bower of Bliss in *Spencer*, (which he borrows from that admirable *Italian*) could have been omitted, without taking from their Works some of the greatest Beauties in them. And if any Man object the Improbabilities of a Spirit appearing, or of a raised Palace by Magick, I boldly answer him, That an Heroick Poet is not tied to a bare Representation of what is true, or exceeding probable; but that he might let himself loose to visionary Objects, and to the Representations of such things, as depending not on Sense, and therefore not to be comprehended by Knowledge, may give him a freer scope for Imagination. It is enough that in all Ages and Religions, the greatest part of Mankind have believed the Power of Magick, and that there are Spirits or Spectres which have appeared. This, I say, is Foundation enough for Poetry, and I dare farther affirm, that the whole Doctrine of separated Beings, whether those Spirits are incorporeal Substances, (which Mr *Hobbs*, with some reason, thinks to imply a Contradiction,) or that they are a thinner and more Aerial sort of Bodies (as some of the Fathers have conjectured)

may

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may better be explicated by Poets, than by Philosophers or Divines For their Speculations on this Subject are wholly Poetical, they have only their Fancy for their Guide, and that being sharper in an excellent Poet, than it is likely it should in a Phlegmatick, heavy Gownman, will see farther in its own Empire, and produce more satisfactory Notions on those dark and doubtful Problems.

Some Men think they have raised a great Argument against the use of Spectres and Magick in Heroick Poetry, by saying, they are unnatural, but whether they or I believe there are such things, is not material, it is enough that, for ought we know, they may be in Nature, and whatever is, or may be, is not properly unnatural. Neither am I much concerned at Mr. Cowley's Verses before *Gondibert*; (though his Authority is almost Sacred to me) It is true, he has resembled the old Epick Poetry to a Fantastick Fairy-land, but he has contradicted himself by his own Example. For he has himself made use of Angels and Visions in his *Davidides*, as well as *Tasso* in his *Godfrey*.

What I have written on this Subject will not be thought Digression by the Reader, if he please to remember what I said in the beginning of this Essay, that I have modelled my Heroick Plays by the Rules of an Heroick Poem. And if that be the most noble, the most pleasant, and the most instructive way of writing in Verse, and, withal, the highest Pattern of Human Life, as all Poets have agreed, I shall need no other Argument to justify my Choice in this Imitation. One Advantage the *Drama* has above the other, namely, that it represents to View what the Poem only does relate, and *Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures, Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*, as *Horace* tells us.

To those who object my frequent use of Drums and Trumpets, and my Representations of Battles, I answer, I introduced them not on the *English* Stage, *Shakespeare* used them frequently; and though *Johnson* shews no Battle in his *Catiline*, yet you hear from behind the Scene the sounding of Trumpets, and the Shouts of fighting Armies. But, I add farther, that these Warlike Instruments, and even their Presentations of fighting on the Stage, are no more than necessary to produce the Effect.

An Essay on Heroick Plays.

of an Heroick Play, that is, to raise the Imagination of the Audience, and to persuade them, for the time, that what they behold on the *Theatre*, is really performed. The Poet is then to endeavour an absolute Dominion over the Minds of the Spectators, for, though our Fancy will contribute to its own Decent, yet a Writer ought to help its Operation. And that the *Red Bull* has formerly done the same, is no more an Argument against our Practice, than it would be for a Physician to forbear an approved Medicine, because a Mountebank has used it with Success.

Thus I have given a short Account of Heroick Plays. I might now, with the usual Eagerness of an Author, make a particular Defence of this. But the common Opinion (how unjust soever) has been so much to my Advantage, that I have reason to be satisfied, and to suffer with Patience all that can be urged against it.

For, otherwise, what can be more easy for me, than to defend the Character of *Almanzor*, which is one great Exception that is made against the Play? It is said, that *Almanzor* is no perfect Pattern of Heroick Virtue, that he is a Contemner of Kings, and that he is made to perform Impossibilities.

I must therefore avow, in the first place, from whence I took the Character. The first Image I had of him, was from the *Achilles* of *Homer*, the next from *Tasso's Rinaldo*, (who was a Copy of the former) and the third from the *Arteban* of *Monsieur Calpranede*, (who has imitated both.) The Original of these (*Achilles*) is taken by *Homer* for his Heroe, and is described by him as one, who in Strength and Courage surpassed the rest of the *Grecian Army*, but, withal, of so fiery a Temper, so impatient of an Injury, even from his King and General, that when his Mistress was to be forced from him by the Command of *Agamemnon*, he not only disobeyed it, but returned him an Answer full of Contumely and in the most opprobrious Terms he could imagine, they are *Homer's Words* which follow, and I have cited but some few amongst a Multitude.

Οἷομαι, τοὺς ὁρῶναι ἔχων, κραδίη δ' ἐλάττω.

Il. α. v. 225.

Δημ. Εὐρ.

An Essay on Heroick PLAYS.

Δημόδορος βασιλεύς.

Il. α. v. 231.

Nay, he proceeded so far in his Insolence, as to draw out his Sword, with Intention to kill him ;

Ἐλκετο δ' ἐκ κολεοῦ μέγα ξίφος.

Il. α. v. 194.

and if *Minerva* had not appeared, and held his Hand, he had executed his Design, and it was all she could do to dissuade him from it The Event was, that he left the Army, and would fight no more *Agamemnon* gives his Character thus to *Nestor* ;

Ἄλλ' ὃδ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει περὶ πάντων ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
Πάντων μὲν κρατεῖν ἐθέλει, πάντεσσι δ' ἀνάσσειν.

Il. α. v. 287, 288

And *Horace* gives the same Description of him in his Art of Poetry.

—— *Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, Iacundus, Inexorabilis, Acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.*

Tasso's chief Character, *Rinaldo*, was a Man of the same Temper, for, when he had slain *Gerinaldo* in his heat of Passion, he not only refused to be judged by *Godfrey*, his General, but threatned that if he came to seize him, he would right himself by Arms upon him ; witness these following Lines of *Tasso*.

*Venga, egli omai di, io terro fermo il piede :
Giudici fian tra voi la sorte, e'l arce,
Fes a tragedia vuol che s'appresenti
Per los diporti a le Nemiche genti.*

You see how little these great Authors did esteem the Point of Honour, so much magnified by the French, and so ridiculously aped by us They made their Heroes Men of Honour ; but so, as not to divest them quite of Human Passions

AN ESSAY ON HEROICK PLAYS.

Passions and Frailties. they content themselves to shew you, what Men of great Spirits would certainly do when they were provoked, not what they were obliged to do by the strict Rules of Moral Virtue; for my own part, I declare myself for *Homer* and *Tasso*, and am more in love with *Achilles* and *Rinaldo*, than with *Cyrus* and *Oroondates*. I shall never subject my Characters to the *French* Standard, where Love and Honour are to be weighed by Drams and Scruples. yet, where I have designed the Patterns of exact Virtues, such as in this Play are the Parts of *Almahide*, *Ozmyr*, and *Benzayda*, I may safely challenge the best of theirs

But *Almanzor* is taxed with changing Sides. And what Tye has he on him to the contrary? He is not born their Subject whom he serves, and he is injured by them to a very high degree. He threatens them, and speaks insolently of Sovereign Power, but so do *Achilles* and *Rinaldo*, who were subjects and Soldiers to *Agamemron* and *Godfrey* of *Bulloigne*. He talks extravagantly in his Passion; but, if I would take the Pains to quote an hundred Passages of *Ben Johnson's Cathegus*, I could easily show you, that the *Rhodomontades* of *Almanzor* are neither so irrational as his, nor so impossible to be put in execution, for *Cathegus* threatens to destroy Nature, and to raise a new one out of it, to kill all the Senate for his part of the Action, to look *Cato* dead, and a thousand other things as extravagant he says, but performs not one Action in the Play.

But none of the former Calumnies will stick, and therefore it is at last charged upon me, that *Almanzor* does all things, or if you will have an absurd Accusation, in their Non-sense who make it, that he performs impossibilities; they say that being a Stranger, he appeases two fighting Nations, when the Authority of their lawful Sovereign could not. This is indeed the most improbable of all his Actions, but 'tis far from being impossible. Their King had made him'self contemptible to his People, as the History of *Granada* tells us, and *Almanzor*, though a Stranger, yet was already known to them by his Gallantry in the *Juego de toros*, his Engagement on the weaker Side, and

An ESSAY on Heroick PLAYS.

more especially by the Character of his Person and brave Actions, given by *Abdalla* just before; and after all, the Greatness of the Enterprize consisted only in the Daring, for he had the King's Guards to second him. But we have read both of *Cæsar*, and many other Generals, who have not only calmed a Mutiny with a Word, but have presented themselves single before an Army of their Enemies; which upon sight of them has revolted from their own Leaders, and come over to their Trenches. In the rest of *Almanzor's* Actions you see him for the most part victorious, but the same Fortune has constantly attended many Heroes who were not imaginary: Yet, you see it no Inheritance to him, for, in the First Part, he is made a Prisoner; and, in the Last, defeated, and not able to preserve the City from being taken. If the History of the late Duke of *Guise* be true, he hazarded more, and performed no less in *Naples*, than *Almanzor* is feigned to have done in *Granada*.

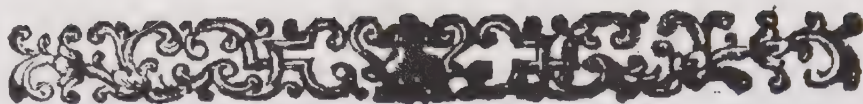
I have been too tedious in this Apology, but to make some Satisfaction, I will leave the rest of my Play exposed to the Criticks, without Defence.

The Concernment of it is wholly passed from me, and ought to be in them who have been favourable to it, and are somewhat obliged to defend their Opinions. That there are Errors in it, I deny not.

Ast opere in tanto fas est obrepere Somnum.

But I have already swept the Stakes, and, with the common good Fortune of prosperous Gamesters, can be content to sit quietly, to hear my Fortune cursed by some, and my Faults arraigned by others, and to suffer both without Reply.





ON Mr. *DRYDEN*'s PLAY,

The Conquest of GRANADA.

TH' Applause I gave among the foolish Croud
Was not distinguish'd, tho' I clapp'd aloud.
Or, if it had, my Judgment had been hid.
I clapp'd for Company, as others did
Thence may be told the Fortune of your Play;
Its Goodness must be try'd another way.
Let's judge it then, and if we've any Skill,
Commend what's good, though we commend it ill.
There will be Praise enough; yet not so much,
As if the World had never any such.
Ben Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespear, are,
As well as you, to have a Poet's Share.
You, who write after, have besides this Curse.
You must write better, or you else write worse.
To equal only what was writ before,
Seems stoll'n or borrow'd from the former Store.
Though blind as *Homer* all the Ancients be,
'Tis on their Shoulders, like the Iame, we see
Then not to flatter th' Age, nor flatter you,
(Praises, though less, are greater when they're true)
You're equal to the Best, o't-done by you,
Who had out done themselves, had they liv'd now.

V A U G H A N.



PROLOGUE

To the FIRST PART.

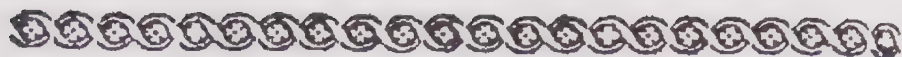
Spoken by Mrs. ELLEN GUYN, in a
Broad-brimm'd Hat and Waist-Belt.

THIS Jest was first of th' other House's making,
And, five times try'd, has never fail'd of taking
For 'twere a Shame a Poet should be kill'd
Under the Shelter of so broad a Shield
This is that Hat, whose very Sight d'd win ye
To laugh and clap as though the Devil were in ye.
As then, for Nokes, so now I hope ye'll be
So dull, to laugh once more for love of me
I'll write a Play, say, o e, for I have got -
A broad-brimm'd Hat, and Waist Belt, t'wards a Plot.
Says th' other, I have one more large than that.
Thus they out-write each other with a Hat.
The Brims still grew with ev'ry Play they writ;
And grew so large, they cover'd all the Wit
Hat was the Play, 'twas Language, Wit and Tale
Like them that find Meat, Drink, and Cloak in Ale.
What Dulness do these Mungers' Wits confess,
When all their Hope is act'ing of a Dress!
Thus, I too the best Comedians of the Age
Must be worn out, with being Black o' th' Stage;
Like a young Girl, who better things has known,
Beneath their Ports Injuncence they groan.

P R O L O G U E.

*See now what Charity it was to save !
 They thought you lik'd what only you forgave :
 And brought you more dull Sense, dull Sense much worse
 Than brisk gay Non sense, and the heavier Curse,
 They bring old Ir'n and Glass upon the Stage,
 To Barter with the Indians of our Age
 Still they write on, and like great Authors show :
 But 'tis as Rollers in wet Gardens grow
 Heavy with Dirt, and gathering as they go.
 May none who have so little understood,
 To like such Trash, presume to praise what's good !
 And may those Drudges of the Stage, whose Fate
 Is damn'd dull Farce, more dilly to Translate,
 Fall under that Excise the State 'thinks fit
 To set on all French Wares, whose worst is Wit.
 French Farce, wound out at home, is sent abroad,
 And pack'd up here, is made our English Mead.
 Henceforth let Poets, ere allow'd to write,
 Be search'd, like Duelists before they fight,
 For Wheel-broad Hats, dull Humour, all that Chaff,
 Which makes you mourn, and makes the Vulgar laugh :
 For these, in Plays, are as unlawful Arms,
 As, in a Combat, Coats of Mail, and Charms.*





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mahomet Boabdelin, <i>the last King of</i>	} Mr. Kynaston.
Granada,	
Prince Abdalla, <i>his Brother,</i>	Mr. Lydal.
Abdelmelech, <i>chief of the Abencerrages</i>	Mr. Mohun.
Zulema, <i>chief of the Zegrys,</i>	Mr. Harris
Abenamar, <i>an old Abencerrago,</i>	Mr. Cartwright.
Selin, <i>an old Zegry,</i>	Mr. Winterhal.
Ozmyn, <i>a brave young Abencerrago,</i>	} Mr. Beeston.
Son to Abenamar,	
Hamet, <i>Brother to Zeluma, a Zegry,</i>	Mr. Watson.
Gomel, <i>a Zegry,</i>	Mr. Powell.
Almanzor,	Mr. Hart.
Ferdinand, <i>King of Spain,</i>	Mr. Littlewood,
<i>Duke of Arcos, his General,</i>	Mr. Bell.
Don Alonzo d' Aguilar, <i>a Spanish Captain.</i>	

W O M E N.

Almahide, <i>Queen of Granada.</i>	Mrs. Ellen Guyn.
Lyndaraxa, <i>Sister to Zulema, a Zegry</i>	} Mrs. Marshal.
Lady,	
Benzayda, <i>Daughter to Selin,</i>	Mrs. Boutel.
Esperanza, <i>Slave to the Queen,</i>	Mrs. Reeve
Halyma, <i>Slave to Lyndaraxa,</i>	Mrs. Eastland.
Isabella, <i>Queen of Spain,</i>	Mrs. James.

Messengers, Guards, Attendants, Men and Women.

The S C E N E in *Granada*, and the Christian
Camp besieging it.

Almanzor



Almanzor and Almabide :

O R,

The Conquest of GRANADA.

The FIRST PART.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdclmelech, and
Guards.*

BOABDELIN.

THUS, in the Triumphs of soft Peace, I reign,
And, from my Walls, defy the Pow'rs of Spain :
With Pomp and Sports my Love I celebrate,
While they keep dittance, and attend my State.
Parent to her whose Eyes my Soul enthrall, [To Aben.
Whom I, in hope, already Father call.
Abenamar, thy Youth these Sports has known,
Of which thy Age is now Spectator grown :

Judge-like thou sit'st, to praise, or to arraign
The flying Skirmish of the darted Cane.

But, when fierce Bulls run loose upon the Place,
And our bold *Moors* their Loves with Danger grace,
Then Heat new-bends thy slacken'd Nerves again,
And a short Youth runs warm through ev'ry Vein

Aben I must confess th' Encounters of this Day
Warm'd me indeed, but quite another way
Not with the Fire of Youth, but gen'rous Rage,
To see the Glories of my youthful Age
So far-out done

Abdelm *Casri'e* could never boast, in all its Pride,
A Pomp so splendid; when the Lists set wide,
Gave room to the fierce Bulls, which wildly ran
In *Sierra Ronda*, ere the War began,
Who, with high Nostrils, snuffing up the Wind,
Now stood the Champion of the Salvage kind.
Just opposite, within the circled Place,
Ten of our bold *Abencorrages* Race
(Each brandishing his Bull-spear in his Hand)
Did their proud Gennets gracefully command.
On their steel'd Heads their Demy-Lances wore
Small Pennons, which their Ladies Colours bore.
Before this Troop did Warlike *Ozmy* go;
Each Lady as he rode saluting low;
At the chief Stands, with Rev'rence more profound,
His well taught Courser, kneeling, touch'd the Ground;
Thence rais'd, he sidelong bore his Rider on,
Still facing, till he out of sight was gone

Boab. You praise him like a Friend, and I confess
His brave Deportment merited no less.

Abdelm Nine Bulls were launch'd by his Victorious
Arm,
Whose wary Gennet shunning still the Harm,
Seem'd to attend the Shock, and then leap'd wide
Mean while, his dextrous Rider, when he spy'd
The Beast just stooping, 'twixt the Neck and Head
His Lance, with never-erring Fury, sped

Aben My Son did well, and so did *Hamet* too;
Yet did no more than we were wont to do,

But what the Stranger did was more than Man.

Abdelm. He finish'd all those Triumphs we began.
 One Bull, with curl'd black Head beyond the rest,
 And Dew-laps hanging from his brawny Chest,
 With nodding Front a while did daring stand,
 And with his jetty Hoof spurn'd back the Sand :
 Then, leaping forth, he bellow'd out aloud :
 Th' amaz'd Assistants back each other croud,
 While Monarch-like he rang'd the list'd Field ;
 Some tofs'd, some goar'd, some trampling down he kill'd.
 Th' ignobler *Moors* from far his Rage provoke
 With Woods of Darts, which from his Sides he shook.
 Mean time your valiant Son, who had before
 Gain'd Fame, rode round to ev'ry Moador,
 Beneath each Lady's Stand a stop he made,
 And, bowing, took th' Applauses which they paid.
 Just in that Point of Time the brave Unknown
 Approach'd the Lists.

Boab ——— I mark'd him, when alone
 (Observ'd by all, himself observing none)
 He enter'd first ; and with a graceful Pride
 His nery Arab dex'trouly did guide.
 Who, while his Rider ev'ry Stand survey'd,
 Spring loose, and flew into an Escapade ;
 Not moving forward, yet, with ev'ry Bound
 Pressing, and seeming still to quit his Ground.
 What after pass'd ———
 Was far from the *Venianna* where I fate,
 But you were near, and can the Truth relate.

[To Abdelm.

Abdelm. Thus while he stood, the Bull, who saw his Foe,
 His earlier Conquests proudly did forego,
 And, making at him, with a furious bound,
 From his bent forehead smit'd a double Wound.
 A rising Murmur ran through all the Field,
 And ev'ry Lady's Blood with Fear was chill'd :
 Some shriek'd, while others, with more helpful Care,
 Cry'd out aloud, Beware, brave Youth, beware !
 At this he turn'd, and as the Bull drew near,
 Shann'd, and receiv'd him on his pointed Spear.

The Lance broke short, the Beast then bellow'd loud,
And his strong Neck to a new Onset bow'd.

Th' undaunted Youth ———

Then drew, and from his Saddle bending low,
Just where the Neck did to the Shoulders grow,
With his full Force discharg'd a deadly Blow
Not Heads of Poppies (when they reap the Grain)
Fall with more ease before the lab'ring Swain,
Than fell this Head ———

It fell so quick, it did even Death prevent:

And made imperfect Bellowings as it went.

Then all the Trumpets Victory did sound

And yet their Clangors in our Shouts were drown'd

[*A confus'd Noise within.*]

Boab Th' Alarm-Bell rings from our *Alhambra* Walls,
And, from the Streets, sound Drums and Ataballes

[*Within, a Bell, Drums and Trumpets.*]

Enter a Messenger

How now? from whence proceed these new Alarms?

Mess The two fierce Factions are again in Arms;

And, changing into Blood the Day's delight,

The *Zegr's* with th' *Abencerrages* fight,

On each side their Allies and Friends appear,

The *M'aca's* here, the *Alabaz's* there

The *Gazuls* with the *Bencerrages* join,

And, with the *Zigurs*, all great *Gomel's* Line

Boab Draw up behind the *Vivarambla* Place;

Double my Guards, these Factions I will face;

And try if all the Fury they can bring

Be Proof against the Presence of their King [Exit *Boab*.]

The Faction appear At the Head of the Abencerrages,

Ozmyn, at the Head of the Zegr's, Zulema, Ha-

met, Gomel, and Selin. Abenamar and Abdelme-

lech joined with the Abencerrages.

Zul The faint *Abencerrages* quit their Ground.

Press 'em, put home your Thrusts to ev'ry Wound.

Abdel's Zegr, on manly Force our Line relies,

Thine poorly takes th' Advantage of Surprise:

Unarm'd and much out-number'd we retreat,

You gain no Fame, when basely you defeat,

If thou art brave, seek nobler Victory;
Save *Moorish* Blood, and, while our Bands stand by,
Let two to two an equal Combat try. }

Ham 'Tis not for Fear the Combat we refuse,
But we our gain'd Advantage will not lose.

Zul In Combating, but two of you will fall,
And we resolve we will dispatch you all -

Ozm. We'll double yet th' Exchange before we die,
And each of ours two Lives of yours shall buy.

Almanzor enters betwixt them, as they stand ready to engage

Alm I cannot stay to ask which Cause is best;
But this is so to me, because oppress. [*Goes to the Aben*
To them Boabdellin and his Guards, going betwixt them.

Boeb On your Allegiance I command you stay,
Who passes here, through me must make his Way.
My Life's the *Isthmos*; through this narrow Line
You first must cut, before those Seas can join.
What Fury, *Zegys*, has possess'd your Minds?
What Rage the brave *Abencerages* blinds?
If of your Courage you new Proofs would show,
Without much Travel you may find a Foe.
Those Foes are neither so remote nor few,
'That you should need each other to pursue
Lean Times and foreign Wars should Minds unite:
When poor, Men mutter, but they seldom fight.
O holy *Alba'* that I live to see
Thy *Granadines* assist their Enemy.

You fight the Christian's Battles, ev'ry Life
You lavish thus, in this intestine Strife,
Does from our weak Foundations take one Prop,
Which help'd to hold our sinking Country up

Ozm. 'Tis fit our private Enmity should cease,
Though injur'd first, yet I will first seek Peace

Zul No, Murd'rer, no, I never will be won
To Peace with him whose Hand has slain my Son.

Ozm Our Prophet's Curse
On me, and all th' *Abencerages* light,
If unprovok'd I with your Son did fight.

At delm.

Abdelm A Band of *Zegrys* ran within the Place,
 Match'd with a Troop of thirty of our Race
 Your Son and *Ozymyn* the first Squadrons led,
 Which, ten by ten, like *Parthians* charg'd and fled.
 The Ground was strow'd with Canes where we did meet,
 Which crackled underneath our Coursers Feet.
 When *Tarifa* (I saw him ride a-part)
 Chang'd his blunt Cane for a Steel-pointed Dart,
 And meeting *Ozymyn* next,
 Who wanting Time for Treason to provide,
 He basely threw it at him, undefy'd.

Ozm [*Shouting his Arm*] Witness this Blood—which
 When by Treason sought,
 That follow'd, Sir, which to myself I ought
Zul His Hate to thee was grounded on a Grudge
 Which all our generous *Zegrys* just did judge.
 Thy Villain-Blood thou openly didst place
 Above the Purple of our Kingly Race.

Boab From equal Stems their Blood both Houses draw,
 They from *Morocco*, you from *Cordova*

Ham Their Mungul Race is mix'd with Christian
 Breed,
 Hence 'tis that they those Dogs in Prisons feed.

Abdelm Our holy Prophet wills, that Charity
 Should ev'n to Birds and Beasts extended be
 None knows what Fate is for himself design'd;
 The Thought of human Chance should make us kind.

Com We waste that Time we to Revenge should give.
 Fall on, let no *Atencerrago* live

[*Advancing before the rest of his Party. Almanzor, advancing on the other Side, and describing a Line with his Sword*

Almanz Upon thy Life pass not this middle Space;
 Sure Death stands guarding the forbidden Place.

Com To dare that Death, I will approach yet nigher,
 Thus, wert thou compass'd in with circling Fire [*They fight.*

Boab Disarm 'em both, if they resist you, kill.

Almanzor in the midst of the Guaras kills Gomel, and then is disarm'd

Almanz Now you have but the Leavings of my Will.
Boab.

Boab. Kill him; this Insolent Unknown shall fall,
And be the Victim to atone you all.

Ozm If he must die, not one of us will live;
That Life he gave for us, for him we give.

Boab It was a Traitor's Voice that spoke those Words;
So are you all who do not sheath your Swords.

Zul Outrage unpunish'd when a Prince is by,
Forfeits to Scorn the Rights of Majesty:
No Subject his Protection can expect,
Who what he owes himself does first neglect.

Aben. This Stranger, Sir, is he
Who lately in the *Vivarambla* Place
Did, with so loud Applause, your Triumphs grace.

Boab The Word which I have giv'n, I'll not revoke;
If he be brave he's ready for the Stroke

Almanz No Man has more Contempt than I of Breath,
But whence hast thou the Right to give me Death?
Obey'd as Sov'reign by thy Subjects be.
But know, that I alone am King of Me.
I am as free as Nature first made Man,
Ere the base Laws of Servitude began,
When wild in Woods the noble Savage ran. }

Boab Since then no Pow'r above your own you know,
Mankind should use you like a common Foe,
You should be hunted like a Beast of Prey,
By your own Law I take your Life away

Almanz My Laws are made but only for my sake;
No King against himself a Law can make
If thou pretend't to be a Prince like me,
Blame not an Act which should thy Pattern be.
I saw th' Oppress'd, and thought it did belong
To a King's Office to redress the Wrong
I brought that Succour which thou ought'st to bring,
And so, in Nature, am thy Subjects King

Boab I do not want your Counsel to direct,
Or Aid to help me punish or protect [know

Almanz Thou want'st 'em both, or better thou would'st
Than to let Factions in thy Kingdom grow
Divided Int'rests, while thou think'st to sway,
Draw, like two Brooks, thy middle Stream away.

For tho' they band and jar, yet both combine
To make their Greatness by the Fall of thine.
Thus, like a Buckler, thou art held in Sight,
While they, behind thee, with each other fight.

Boab Away, and execute him instantly. [*To his Guards.*

Almanz Stand off; I have not leisure yet to die.

To them, Enter Abdalla hastily.

Abdal. Hold, Sir, for Heav'n's sake hold:
Defer this noble Stranger's Punishment,
Or your rash Orders you will soon repent.

Boab Brother, you know not yet his Insolence.

Abdal Upon yourself you punish his Offence.
If we treat gallant Strangers in this sort,
Mankind will shun th' inhospitable Court.
And who, henceforth, to our Defence will come,
If Death must be the brave *Almanzor's* Doom?
From *Africa* I drew him to your Aid;
And for his Succour have his Life betray'd

Boab Is this th' *Almanzor* whom at *Fez* you knew,
When first their Swords the *Xerif* Brothers drew?

Abdal This, Sir, is he who for the Elder fought,
And to the juster Cause the Conquest brought.
'Till the proud *Santo*, seated in the Throne,
Disdain'd the Service he had done to own
Then, to the vanquish'd Part his Fate he led;
The Vanquish'd triumph'd, and the Victor fled.
Vast is his Courage, boundless is his Mind,
Rough as a Storm, and humorous as Wind:
Honour's the only Idol of his Eyes
The Charms of Beauty like a Pest he flies:
And rais'd by Valour, from a Birth unknown,
Acknowledges no Pow'r above his own.

[*Boabdelin coming to Almanzor.*

Boab Impute your Danger to our Ignorance,
The bravest Men are subject most to Chance.

Granada much does to your Kindness owe,
But Towns expecting Sieges, cannot show
More Honour, than t'invite you to a Foe

Almanz I do not doubt but I have been to blame
But, to pursue the End for which I came,

Unite your Subjects first, then let us go,
And pour their common Rage upon the Foe.

Boab. [to the Factions] Lay down your Arms, and
let me beg you cease

Your Enmities.

Zul ——— We will not hear of Peace,
'Till we by Force have first reveng'd our Slam.

Abdelm The Action we have done we will maintain.

Selin Then let the King depart, and we will try
Our Cause by Arms

Zul ——— For us and Victory.

Boab A King intreats you

Almanz What Subjects will precarious Kings regard?
A Beggar speaks too softly to be heard;

Lay down your Arms; 'tis I command you now.

Do it———or, by our Prophet's Soul I vow,

My Hands shall right your King on him I seize.

Now let me see whose Look but disobeys.

Omnes Long live King *Mahomet Boabdelin*.

Almanz No more; but hush'd as Midnight Silence go;
He will not have your Acclamations now.

Hence, you unthinking Crowd ———

[*The common People go off on both Parties.*
Empire, thou poor and despicable thing,

When such as these make or unmake a King!

Abdal. How much of Virtue lies in one great Soul!

[*Embracing him.*

Whose single Force can Multitudes controul

[*A Trumpet within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Messen The Duke of Arcos, Sir, ——
Does with a Trumpet from the Foe appear.

Boab. Attend him, he shall have his Audience here.

Enter the Duke of Arcos

D Arcos The Monarchs of *Castile* and *Arragon*
Have sent me to you, to demand this Town,
To which their just and rightful Claim is known. }

Boab. Tell *Ferdinand*, my Right to it appears
By long Possession of eight hundred Years.

When first my Ancestors from *Africk* sail'd,
In *Rodrique's* Death your *Gothick* Title fail'd.

D. *Arcos* The Successors of *Rodrique* still remain;
And ever since have held some Part of *Spain*.
Ev'n in the midst of your victorious Pow'rs
Th' *Asturia's*, and all *Portugal* were ours
You have no Right, except you Force allow,
And if yours then was just, so ours is now.

Boab 'Tis true, from Force the noblest Title springs,
I therefore hold from that, which first made Kings.

D. *Arcos* Since then by Force you prove your Title true,
Ours must be just, because we claim from you
When with your Father you did jointly reign,
Invading with your *Moors* the South of *Spain*,
I, who that Day the Christians did command,
Then took, and brought you bound to *Ferdinand*.

Boab I'll hear no more; defer what you would say:
In private we'll discourse some other Day.

D. *Arcos*. Sir, you shall hear, however you are loth,
That, like a perjurd Prince, you broke your Oath.
To gain your Freedom you a Contract sign'd,
By which your Crown you to my King resign'd,
From thenceforth as his Vassal holding it,
And paying Tribute such as he thought fit,
Contracting, when your Father came to die,
To lay aside all Marks of Royalty,
And at *Purchena* privately to live;

Which, in exchange, King *Ferdinand* did give

Boab The Force us'd on me made that Contract void.

D. *Arcos* Why have you then its Benefits enjoy'd?
By it you had not only Freedom then,
But since had Aid of Money and of Men.
And, when *Granada* for your Uncle held,
You were by us restor'd, and he expell'd.
Since that in Peace we let you reap your Grain,
Recall'd our Troops that us'd to beat your Plain;
And more —

Almanz Yes, yes, you did with wond'rous Care
Against his Rebels prosecute the War,

While he secure in your Protection slept
For him you took, but for yourself you kept.
Thus, as some fawning Usurer does feed
With present Sums th' unwary Spendthrift's Need;
You sold your Kindness at a boundless Rate,
And then o'er paid the Debt from his Estate.
Which, mould'ring piece-meal, in your Hands did fall;
'Till now at last you came to swoop it all

D. Arcos The wrong you do my King, I cannot bear;
Whose Kindness you would odiously compare,
Th' Estate was his, which yet, since you deny,
He's now content in his own Wrong to buy

Almanz And he shall buy it dear, what his he calls:
We will not give one Stone from out these Walls.

Boab. Take this for Answer, then ———
What e'er your Arms have conquer'd of my Land,
I will, for Peace, resign to *Ferdinand*
To harder Terms my Mind I cannot bring;
But as I still have liv'd, will die a King.

D Arcos Since thus you have resolv'd, henceforth prepare
For all the last Extremities of War:

My King his hope from Heav'n's Assistance draws.

Almanz. The *Moors* have Heav'n and me t' assist their
Cause. [*Exit Arcos.*

Enter Esperanza

Esper Fair *Almahide*

(Who did with weeping Eyes these Discords see,
And fears the Omen may unlucky be,)
Prepares a *Zambra* to be danc'd this Night,
In hope soft Pleasures may your Minds unite

Boab My Mistress gently chides the Fault I made
But tedious Business has my Love delay'd;
Business, which dares the Joys of Kings invade. }

Almanz First let us sally out, and meet the Foe.

Abdal Led on by you, we on to Triumph go.

Boab Then, with the Day let War and Tumult cease:
The Night be sacred to our Love and Peace;
'Tis just some Joys on weary Kings should wait;
'Tis all we gain by being Slaves to State. [*Ex. omnes.*



A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Ormyn, Zulema, Hamet,
a. returning from the Sally.*

Abdal. **T**His happy Day does to *Granada* bring
A lasting Peace, and Triumphs to the King:
The two fierce Factions will no longer jar,
Since they have now been Brothers in the War.
Those, who apart in Emulation fought,
The common Danger to one Body brought;
And to his Cost the proud *Castilian* finds
Our *Moorish* Courage in united Minds.

Abdelm. Since to each others Aid our Lives we owe,
Lose we the Name of Faction and of Foe,
Which I to *Zulema* can bear no more,
Since *Lindaraxa's* Beauty I adore

Zul. I am oblig'd to *Lindaraxa's* Charms,
Which gain the Conquest I should lose by Arms;
And with my Sister may continue Fair,
That I may keep a Good
Of whose Possession I should else despair.

Orm. While we indulge our common Happiness,
He is forgot by whom we all possess,
The brave *Almanzor*, to whose Arms we owe
All that we did, and all that we shall do
Who, like a Tempest that out-rides the Wind,
Made a just Battle ere the Bodies join'd.

Abdelm. His Victories we scarce could keep in view,
Or polish 'em so fast as he rough-drew.

Abdal. Fate, after him, below with Pain did move,
And Victory could scarce keep Pace above.
Death did at length so many Slain forget;
And lost the Tale, and took 'em by the Great.

[To them *Almanzor*, with the Duke of *Arcos* Prisoner
Hamet.

Hamet. See here he comes,
And leads in Triumph him who did command
The vanquish'd Army of King *Ferdinand*

Almanz. [*To the Duke of Arcos*] 'Thus far your Ma-
ster's Arms a Fortune find
Below the swell'd Ambition of his Mind
And *Alba* shuts a Mis-believer's Reign
From out the best and goodliest part of *Spain*.
Let *Ferdinand* *Calabrian* Conquests make,
And from the *French* contested *Milan* take,
Let him new Worlds discover to the old,
And break up shining Mountains big with Gold ;
Yet he shall find this small Domestick Foe,
Still sharp, and pointed, to his Bosom grow.

D *Arcos*. Of small Advantages too much you boast,
You beat the Out-guards of my Master's Host :
This little Loss, in our vast Body, shews
So small, that half have never heard the News.
Fame's out of Breath ere she can fly so far
To tell 'em all, that you have e'er made War.

Almanz. It pleases me your Army is so great:
For now I know there's more to conquer yet
By Heav'n I'll see what Troops you have behind ;
I'll face this Storm that thickens in the Wind :
And, with bent Forehead, full against it go,
'Till I have found the last and utmost Foe.

D *Arcos* Believe, you shall not long attend in vain,
To-morrow's Dawn shall cover all the Plain.
Bright Arms shall flash upon you from afar ;
A Wood of Lances, and a moving War.
But I, unhappy in my Bands, must yet
Be only pleas'd to hear of your Defeat .
And, with a Slave's inglorious Ease remain,
'Till conqu'ring *Ferdinand* has broke my Chain.

Almanz. Vain Man, thy hopes of *Ferdinand* are weak!
I hold thy Chain too fast for him to break.
But since thou threaten'st us, I'll set thee free,
That I again may fight and conquer thee.

D *Arcos*. Old as I am, I take thee at thy Word,
And will To-morrow thank thee with my Sword.

Almanz.

44 *The FIRST PART of*

Almanzor I'll go and instantly acquaint the King,
And sudden Orders for thy Freedom bring.
Thou canst not be so pleas'd at Liberty,
As I shall be to find thou dar'st be free.

[*Exit Almanzor, Arcos, and the rest,
excepting only Abdalla and Zulema*]

Abdal Of all those Christians who infest this Town,
This Duke of *Arcos* is of most Renown.

Zul Oft have I heard, that in your Father's Reign,
His bold Advent'urers beat the Neigh'ring Plain,
Then under *Ponce Leon's* Name he fought,
And from our Triumphs many Prizes brought.
'Till in Disgrace from *Spain* at length he went,
And since continu'd long in Banishment.

Abdal. But see, your beauteous Sister does appear.

[*To them Lindaraxa.*]

Zul. By my Desire she came to find me here.

[*Zulema and Lindaraxa whisper: then Zulema
goes out, and Lindaraxa is going after.*]

Abdal. Why, fairest *Lindaraxa*, do you fly [*Staying her.*]
A Prince, who at your Feet is proud to die?

Lindar. Sir, I should blush to own so rude a thing,

[*Staying.*]

As 'tis to shun the Brother of my King.

Abdal In my hard Fortune I some Ease should find,
Did your Disdain extend to all Mankind
But give me leave to grieve, and to complain,
That you give others what I beg in vain.

Lindar Take my Esteem, if you on that can live,
For, frankly, Sir, 'tis all I have to give.
If, from my Heart you ask or hope for more,
I grieve the Place is taken up before

Abdal My Rival merits you.

To *Abdalmelech* I will Justice do;
For he wants Worth who dares not praise a Foe.

Lindar. That for his Virtue, Sir, you make Defence,
Shows in your own a noble Confidence.
But him defending, and excusing me,
I know not what can your Advantage be.

Abdal.

Abdal I fain would ask, ere I proceed in this,
If, as by Choice, you are by Promise his ?

Lindar Th' Engagement only in my Love does lie,
But that's a Knot which you can ne'er untie.

Abdal When Cities are Besieg'd, and treat to yield,
If there appear Relievers from the Field,
The Flag of Parley may be taken down,
'Till the Success of those without is known.

Lindar Though *Abdelmelech* has not yet possess'd,
Yet I have seal'd the Treaty for my Breast.

Abdal. Your Treaty has not ty'd you to a Day ;
Some Chance might break it, would you but delay :
If I can judge the Secrets of your Heart,
Ambition in it has the greatest Part ,
And Wisdom then will shew some Difference,
Betwixt a private Person and a Prince.

Lindar Princes are Subjects still ———
Subject and Subject can small Diff'rence bring :
'The Diff'rence is 'twixt Subjects and a King
And since, Sir, you are none, your Hopes remove ;
For less than Empire I'll not change my Love

Abdal Had I a Crown, all I should prize in it,
Should be the Pow'r to lay it at your Feet

Lindar Had you that Crown, which you but wish, not hope,
Then I, perhaps, might stoop, and take it up.
But 'till your Wishes and your Hopes agree,
You shall be still a private Man with me

Abdal If I am King, and if my Brother die ———

Lindar Two If's scarce make one Possibility.

Abdal The Rule of Happiness by Reason scan ;
You may be happy with a private Man

Lindar. That Happiness I may enjoy, 'tis true ,
But then that private Man must not be you
Where-e'er I love, I'm happy in my Choice ,
If I make you so, you shall pay my Price.

Abdal. Why would you be so great ?

Lindar ————— Because I've seen,
This Day, what 'tis to hope to be a Queen.
Heav'n, how y'all watch'd each Motion of her Eye ' }
None could be seen while *Almahide* was by, }
Because she is to be Her Majesty }

Why

Why would I be a Queen? Because my Face
Would wear the Title with a better Grace.

If I became it not, yet it would be
Part of your Duty, then, to flatter me
These are but half the Charms of being Great;
I would be somewhat—that I know not yet:
Yes, I avow th' Ambition of my Soul,
To be that One to live without Controul;
And that's another Happiness to me,
To be so happy as but One can be.

Abdal Madam, (because I would all Doubts remove)
Would you, were I a King, accept my Love?

Lindar. I would accept it, and to shew 'tis true,
From any other Man as soon as you.

Abdal Your sharp Replies make me not love you less:
But make me seek new Paths to Happiness.
What I design, by Time will best be seen.
You may be mine, and yet may be a Queen
When you are so, your Word your Love assures.

Lindar. Perhaps not love you—but I will be yours.

[*He offers to take her Hand and kiss it.*]

Stay, Sir, that Grace I cannot yet allow;
Before you set the Crown upon my Brow.

That Favour which you seek ———

Or *Abdelmelech* or a King must have,

When you are so, then you may be my Slave.

[*Exit, but looks smiling back on him.*]

Abdal. How'er imperious in her Words she were,
Her parting Looks had nothing of Severe,
A glancing Smile allur'd me to command,
And her soft Fingers gently press'd my Hand.
I felt the Pleasure glide thro' ev'ry Part:
Her Hand went through me to my very Heart.
For such another Pleasure, did he live,
I could my Father of a Crown deprive.
What did I say!

Father! that impious Thought has shock'd my Mind:
How bold our Passions are, and yet how blind!
She's gone; and now
Methinks there is less Glory in a Crown;
My boiling Passions settle and go down;

Like Amber chaf'd, when she is near she acts;
When farther off, inclines, but not attracts.

To him, Enter Zulema.

Assist me, *Zulema*, if thou wouldst be
That Friend thou seem'st, assist me against Me.
Betwixt my Love and Virtue I am toss'd,
'This must be forfeited, or that be lost:
I could do much to merit thy Applause;
Help me to fortify the better Cause
My Honour is not wholly put to Flight,
But would, if seconded, renew the Fight.

Zul. I met my Sister, but I do not see
What Difficulty in your Choice can be:
She told me all, and 'tis so plain a Case,
You need not ask what Council to embrace.

Abdal I stand reprov'd that I did doubt at all;
My waiting Virtue stay'd but for thy Call.
'Tis plain that she, who for a Kingdom, now
Would sacrifice her Love, and break her Vow,
Not out of Love but Int'rest acts alone,
And would, ev'n in my Arms, lie thinking of a Throne.

Zul. Add to the rest this one Reflection more,
When she is marry'd and you still adore,
Think then, and think what Comfort it will bring,
She had been mine ———
Had I but only dar'd to be a King.

Abdal. I Hope you only would my Honour try;
I'm loth to think you Virtue's Enemy

Zul If, when a Crown and Mistress are in place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face.
Virtues then mine, and not I Virtue's Foe.
Why does she come where she has naught to do?
Let her with Anch'rites, not with Lovers lie,
States-men, and they keep better Company

Abdal. Reason was giv'n to curb our head-strong Will.

Zul Reason but shews a weak Physician's Skill
Gives nothing while the raging Fit does last,
But lays to cure it when the worst is past
Reason's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone;
But Youth is strong enough to walk alone

Abdal

Abdal. In curs'd Ambition I no rest should find,
But must for ever lose my Peace of Mind.

Zul Methinks that Peace of Mind were bravely lost,
A Crown, what-e'er we give, is worth the Cost.

Abdal. Justice distributes to each Man his Right,
But what he gives not, should I take by Might?

Zul If Justice will take all, and nothing give,
Justice, methinks, is not distributive

Abdal Had Fate so pleas'd, I had been eldest born
And then, without a Crime, the Crown had worn.

Zul Would you so please, Fate yet away would find;
Man makes his Fate according to his Mind
The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave,
But she's a Drudge, when hector'd by the Brave
If Fate weaves common Thread, he'll change the Doom,
And with new Purple spread a nobler Loom

Abdal No more, — I will usurp the Royal Seat,
Thou, who hast made me wicked, make me great.

Zul Your way is plain, the Death of *Tarifa*
Does on the King our *Zegry's* Hatred draw.
Though with our Enemies in show we close,
'Tis but while we to purpose can be Foes
Se'in, who heads us, would revenge his Son;
But Favour hinders Justice to be done
Proud *Ozmy'n* with the King his Pow'r maintains;
And, in him, each *Abencerrago* reigns

Abdal What Face of any Title can I bring?

Zul The Right an eldest Son has to be King.
Your Father was at first a private Man,
And got your Brother ere his Reign began,
When by his Valour he the Crown had won,
Then you were born a Monarch's Eldest Son

Abdal 'To sharp-ey'd Reason this would seem untrue,
But Reason I through Love's false Opticks view.

Zul Love's mighty Pow'r has led me Captive too,
I am in it unfortunate as you

Abdal Our Loves and Fortunes shall together go,
Thou shalt be happy when I first am so

Zul The *Zegry's* at old *Se'in's* House are met,
Where, in close Council, for Revenge they sit

There

There we our common Int'rest will unite •
 You their Revenge shall own, and they your Right.
 One thing I had forgot, which may import,
 I met *Almanzor* coming back from Court,
 But with a discompos'd and speedy Pace,
 A fiery Colour kindling all his Face
 The King his Pris'ner's Freedom has deny'd,
 And that Refus'l has provok'd his Pride.

Abdal Would he were ours !

I'll try to gild th' Injustice of his Cause,
 And court his Valour with a vast Applause.

Zul The Bold are but the Instruments o' th' Wise ;
 They undertake the Dangers we advise
 And while our Fabrick with their Pains we raise,
 We take the Profit, and pay them with Praise. *[Exeunt.]*



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Almanzor and Abdalla

Almanz. **T**HAT he should dare to do me this Disgrace !
 Is Fool or Coward writ upon my Face ?
 Refuse my Pris'ner ! I such Means will use,
 He shall not have a Pris'ner to refuse

Abdal He said you were not by your Promise ty'd ;
 That he absolv'd your Word, when he deny'd.

Almanz He break my Promise, and dissolve my Vow !
 'Tis more than *Mahomet* himself can do
 The Word which I have giv'n, shall stand like Fate ;
 Not like the King's, the Weather cock of State.
 He treads so high, with so unfix'd a Mind
 Two Actions turn him with each Blast of Wind.
 But now he shall not veer, my Word is past
 I'll take his Heart by th' Roots, and hold it fast

Abdal You have your Vengeance in your Hand, this Hour ;
 Make me the humble Creature of your Power :

The *Granadines* will gladly me obey,
 (Tir'd with so base and impotent a Sway)
 And when I shew my Title, you shall see
 I have a better Right to Reign than he.

Almanz It is sufficient that you make the Claim
 You wrong our Friendship when your Right you name.
 When for myself I fight, I weigh the Cause,
 But Friendship will admit of no such Laws.
 'That weighs by th' Lump, and when the Cause is light,
 Puts Kindness in to set the Balance right
 'True, I would wish my Friend the juster side:
 But in th' unjust my Kindness more is try'd
 And all the Opposition I can bring,
 Is, that I fear to make you such a King

Abdal The Majesty of Kings we should not blame,
 When Royal Minds adorn the Royal Name.
 The Vulgar, Greatness too much Idolize,
 But haughty Subjects it too much despise.

Almanz I only speak of him,
 Whom Pomp and Greatness sit so loose about,
 That he wants Majesty to fill them out

Abdal Haste, then, and lose no time —
 The Business must be enterpriz'd this Night,
 We must surprize the Court in its Delight.

Almanz For you to Will, for me 'tis to Obey,
 But I would give a Crown in open Day
 And, when the *Spaniards* their Assault begin,
 At once beat those without, and these within [*Exit Alm.*

Enter Abdelmelech

Alm *Abdalla*, hold, there's somewhat I intend
 To speak, not as your Rival, but your Friend.

Abdal If as a Friend, I am oblig'd to hear,
 And what a Rival says I cannot fear.

Abdelm Think, brave *Abdalla*, what it is you do }
 Your Quiet, Honour, and our Friendship too }
 All for a fickle Beauty you forego }
 Think, and turn back, before it be too late,
 Behold in me th' Example of your Fate.
 I am your Sea-mark, and though wrack'd and lost,
 My Ruins stand to warn you from the Coast.

Abdal

Abdal Your Counsels, noble *Abdelmelech*, move
My Reason to accept 'em; not my Love
Ah, why did Heav'n leave Man to weak Defence,
To trust frail Reason with the Rule of Sense!
'Tis over pois'd, and kick'd up in the Air,
While Sense weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there.
O, like a Captive King, 'tis borne away;
And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebel's Sway

Abdelm No, no, our Reason was not vainly lent;
Nor is a Slave, but by its own Consent
If Reason on his Subject's Triumph wait,
An easy King deserves no better Fate

Abdal You speak too late, my Empire's lost too far,
I cannot fight.

Abdelm ——— Then make a flying War;
Dilodge betimes, before you are beset

Abdal Her Tears, her Smiles, her ev'ry Look's a Net.
Her Voice is like a Syren's of the Land,
And bloody Hearts lie Panting in her Hand

Abdelm This do you know, and tempt the Danger still?

Abdal Love, like a Lethargy has seiz'd my Will.
I'm not myself, since from her Sight I went;
I lean my Trunk that way, and there stand bent
As one, who in some frightful Dream, would shun
its pressing Foe, labours in vain to run,
And his own Slowness in his Sleep bemoans,
With thick short Sighs, weak Cries, and tender Groans,
O! ———

Abdelm ——— Some Friend, in Charity, should shake
And rouse, and call you loudly 'till you wake.
Too well I know her Blandishments to gain,
Usurper-like, 'till settled in her Reign;
Then proudly she insults, and gives you Cares
And Jealousies, short Hopes, and long Despairs,
To this paid Yoke you must hereafter bow.
However, she shines all Golden to you now.

Abdal Like him, who on the Ice ———
Slides swiftly on, and sees the Water near,
Yet cannot stop himself in his Career

So am I carried. This Enchanted Place,
 Like *Circe's* Isle, is peopled with a Race
 Of Dogs and Swine; yet, though their Fate I know,
 I look with Pleasure, and am turning too

[*Lyndaraxa passes over the Stage.*

Abdelm Fly, fly, before th' Allurements of her Face,
 Ere she return with some resistless Grace,
 And with new Magick covers all the Place

Abaal I cannot, will not. nay, I would not fly;
 I'll love, be blind, be cozen'd 'till I die
 And you, who bid me wiser Counsel take,
 I'll hate, and, if I can, I'll kill you for her sake.

Abdelm Ev'n I that counsell'd you, that Choice approve;
 I'll hate you blindly, and her blindly love:
 Prudence, that stemm'd the Stream, is out of Breath,
 And to go down it, is the easier Death

[*Lyndaraxa Re-enters, and smiles on Abdalla.*

[*Exit Abdalla*

Abdelm. That Smile on Prince *Abdalla*, seems to say
 You are not in your killing Mood To-day,
 Men brand, indeed, your Sex with Cruelty,
 But you're too good to see poor Lovers die.
 This God-like Pity in you I extol,
 And, more, because, like Heav'n's, 'tis general.

Lyndar. My Smile implies not that I grant his Suit;
 'Twas but a bare Return of his Salute.

Abdelm It said, you were engag'd, and I in Place.
 But, to please both, you would divide the Grace

Lyndar. You've Cause to be contented with your Part,
 When he has but the Look, and you the Heart

Abdelm In giving but that Look you give what's mine:
 I'll not one corner of a Glance resign.

All's mine, and I am cov'rous of my Store:
 I have not love enough, I'll tax you more

Lyndar I gave not Love; 'twas but Civility.
 He is a Prince, that's due to his Degree

Abdelm That Prince you smil'd on is my Rival still;
 And should, if ne you lov'd, be treated ill

Lyndar I know not how to show so rude a Spight

Abdelm. That is, you know not how to love aught,
 Cr,

Or, if you did, you would more difference see
Betwixt our Souls, than 'twixt our Quality.

Mark, if his Birth makes any difference,

If, to his Words, it adds one grain of Sense:

That Duty which his Birth can make his due,

I'll pay, but it shall not be paid by you

For if a Prince Courts her whom I adore,

He is my Rival, and a Prince no more

Lyndar. And when did I my Pow'r so far resign,

That you should regulate each Look of mine?

Abdelm. Then, when you gave your Love, you gave
that Pow'r.

Lyndar. 'Twas during Pleasure, 'tis revok'd this Hour.

Now call me false, and rail on Womankind,

'Tis all the Remedy you're like to find.

Abdelm. Yes, there's one more,
I'll hate you, and this Visit is my last

Lyndar. Do't if you can, you know I hold you fast.

Yet for you Quiet, would you could resign

Your Love, as easily as I do mine

Abdelm. Furies and Hell, how unconcern'd she speaks?

With what Indifference all her Vows she breaks!

Curse on me; but she smiles.

Lyndar. That Smile's a part of Love, and all's your Due;

I take it from the Prince, and give it you

Abdelm. Just Heav'n, must my poor Heart your May-
game prove,

To Bandy, and make Children's Play in Love?

[*Half Crying.*]

Ah! how have I this Cruelty deserv'd?

I, who so truly and so long have serv'd!

And left so easily! oh cruel Maid!

So easily! 'twas too unkindly said.

That Heart which could so easily remove,

Was never fix'd, nor rooted deep in Love

Lyndar. You lodg'd it so uncary in your Breast,

I thought you had been weary of the Guest

But I was treated like a Stranger there,

But, when a Household Friend I did appear,

You thought, it seems, I could not live elsewhere

Then, by degrees, your feign'd Respect withdrew:
 You mark'd my Actions, and my Guardian grew.
 But I am not concern'd your Acts to blame.
 My Heart to yours but upon Liking came,
 And, like a Bird, whom prying Boys molest,
 Stays not to breed, where she had built her Nest.

Abdelm I have done ill ———

And dare not ask you to be less displeased:
 Be but more angry, and my Pain is eas'd.

Lydar If I should be so kind a Fool, to take
 This little Satisfaction which you make,
 I know you would presume some other time
 Upon my Goodness, and repeat your Crime.

Abdelm Oh never, never, upon no Pretence,
 My Life's too short to expiate this Offence

Lydar No, now I think on't, 'tis in vain to try;
 'Tis in our Nature, and past Remedy.
 'Tis in our Nature, and past Remedy.
 'Tis in our Nature, and past Remedy.
 Now we are Friends, 'tis best for both to part

[Taking her Hand.

Abdelm By this—Will you not give me leave to swear?

Lydar You would be perjur'd if you should, I fear.
 And when I talk with Prince *Abdalla* next,
 I wish your fond Suspicions shall be vex'd

Abdelm I cannot say I'll conquer Jealousy;
 But, if you'll freely pardon me, I'll try.

Lydar And, 'till you that submissive Servant prove,
 I never can conclude you truly love

To them, the King, *Almahide*, *Abenamar*, *Esperanza*,
Guards, Attendants

King Approach, my *Almahide*, my charming Fair,
 Brillog of Peace, and Recompence of War
 This Night is yours, and may your Life still be
 The same in Joy, though not Solemnity.



The Zambra Dance.

S O N G.

I.

*Beneath a Myrtle Shade,
Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,
I slept, and straight my Love before me brought
Phyllis, the Object of my waking Thought :
Undress'd she came my Flames to meet,
While Love strow'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet ;
Flow'rs, which so press'd by her, became more sweet.*

II

*From the bright Vision's Head
A careless Veil of Lazon was loosely spread
I, on her white Temple, fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown nor fair,
Her hands, her Lips did Love inspire,
E'er my Grace my Heart did fire
But most her Eyes, which languish'd with Desire.*

III

*Ah, charming Fair, said I ;
How long can you my Bliss and yours deny ?
By Nature and by Love, this lonely Shade
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made.
Silence and Shades with Love agree.
Both shelter you and favour me,
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.*

IV.

*No, let me die, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless Name of Maid :
Faintly, mighthought, she spoke, for all the while
S'e bid me not believe her, with a Smile.
Then die, said I. She still deny'd ;
And it is thus, thus, thus, she cry'd,
For use a harmless Maid ? and so she dy'd !*

V

*I wak'd, And straight I knew
I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true*

Fancy, the kinder Mistress of the two,
 Fancy I ad done what Phyllis would not do !
 Ah cruel Nymph, cease your Disdain,
 While I can dream, you scorn in vain !
 Sleep or waking you must ease my Pain

[After the Dance, a tumultuous Noise of
 Drums and Trumpe's

To them Ozmyn ; his Sword drawn

Ozm Arm, quickly arm ; yet all, I fear's too late
 The Enemy's already at the Gate

Boab The Christians are dislodg'd ; what Foe is near ?

Ozm The Zegrys are in Arms, and almost here
 The Streets with Torches shine, and Shoutings ring,
 And Prince Abdalla is proclaimed King.
 What Men could do, I have already done,
 But I old Almanzer fiercely leads them on

Aben Th' Abdembra yet is safe in my Command,
 [to the King.

Retreat you thence, while their Shock we stand.

Boab I cannot meanly for my Life provide ;
 I'll either perish in't, or stem this Tide.
 To guard the Palace, Ozmyn, be your Care ;
 If they overcome, no Sword will hurt the Fair.

Ozm I'll either die, or I'll make good the Place.

Abden And I, with these, will bold Almanzer face.

[Exeunt all but the Ladies An Alarm within.

Almah. What dismal Planets did my Triumphs light ?
 Discord the Day, and Death does rule the Night
 The Noise my Soul does through my Sides wound

Lynlar Methinks it is a noble, sprightly, Sound.
 The Trumpet's Clangor, and the Clash of Arms !
 This Noise may chill your Blood, but mine it warms

[Shouting and clashing of Swords &c. &c.

We have already pass'd the Rubicon.

The Dice are mine, now, Fortune, for a Throne.

[A shout within, and clashing of Swords afar off
 The Sound goes farther off, and faintly dies,
 Curse of this going back, these ebbing Cries !
 Ye Winds, waft hither Sounds more strong and quick ;
 Beat faster, Drums, and mingle Deaths more thick.

I'll to the Turrets of the Palace go,
And add new Fire to those that fight below :
Trence, *Hero-like*, with Torches by my Side,
(Far be the Omen, tho') my Love will guide.
No, like his better Fortune I'll appear,
With open Arms, loose Veil, and flowing Hair,
Just flying forward from my rolling Sphere
My Smiles shall make *Abdalla* more than Man ;
Let him look up and perish if he can. } *[Exit.*

*An Alarm nearer. Then Enter Almanzor and Selin,
at the Head of the Zegrys, Ozmyn Prisoner.*

Almanz We have not fought enough, they fly too soon :
And I am griev'd the noble Sport is done
This only Man, of all whom Chance did bring
[Pointing to Ozmyn.

To meet my Arms, was worth the Conquering.
His brave Resistance did my Fortune grace,
So slow, so threatening forward he gave Place.
His Chains be easy, and his Usage fair

Selin I beg you would commit him to my Care.

Almanz Next, the brave *Spaniard* free without delay ;
And with a Convo send him safe away *[Exit a Guard.*
To them Hamet and others.

Hamet. The King by me salutes you ; and to show
That to your Valour he his Crown does owe,
Would from your Mouth I should the Word receive ;
And that to these you would your Orders give.

Almanz. Alas, which o'er rates the little I have done.

*[Almanz goes to the Door, and it seems to give
out Orders, by sending Perth several Ways*

Selin to Ozmyn Now to revenge the Murder of my Son.
To morrow for thy certain Death prepare,
This Night I only leave thee to Despair,

Ozmyn Thy late Menaces I do not fear.
My Weakness was to cower, conquer here
Still, for you I have need no more,
My present State is my only Want of Power
But for the Courage is of home be left,
Patience, the only Fortitude, is left *[Exit Ozmyn.]*

Almah Ah, *Esperanza*, what for me remains
But Death, or, worse than Death, inglorious Chains!

Esper. Madam, you must not to Despair give place,
Heav'n never meant Misfortune to that Face
Suppose there were no Justice in your Cause,
Beauty's a Bribe that gives her Judges Laws
That you are brought to this deplor'd Estate,
Is but th' ingenious Flattery of your Fate,
Fate fears her Succour, like an Alms to give;
And would you, God-like, from yourself should live.

Almah Mark but how terribly his Eyes appear!
And yet there's something roughly noble there,
Which, in unfashion'd Nature, looks Divine;
And like a Gem does in the Quarry shine.

[*Almanzor returns, she falls at his Feet, being a Maid.*]

Almah Turn, mighty Conqueror, turn your Face
this way,
Do not refuse to hear the Wretched pray.

Almanz. What Business can this Woman have with me?

Almah That of th' Afflicted to the Deity.
So may your Arms Success in Battels find;
So may the Mistress of your Vows be kind,
If you have any, or, if you have none,
So may your Liberty be full your own.

Almanz. Yes, I will turn my Face, but not my Mind,
You Bane and soft Destruction of Mankind,
What could you have with me?

Almah ——— I beg the grace [Unveiling
You would lay by those Terrors of your Face
'Till Calmness to your Eyes you first restore,
I am afraid, and I can beg no more.

Almanz. [Looking fixedly on her] Well, my fierce
Villain shall not murder you
Speak quickly, Woman, I have much to do.

Almah Where should I find the Heart to speak one Word?
Your Voice, Sir, is as killing as your Sword.
As you have left the Lightning of your Eye,
So would you please to lay your Thunder by.

Almanz. I'm pleas'd and pain'd, since first I her Eyes I saw,
As I were hung with some *Tarantula*.

Arms and the dusty Field I less admire,
 And soften strangely in some new Desire.
 Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright,
 But pale as Fires when master'd by the Light.
 Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet more;
 And now am nothing that I was before.
 I'm numb'd, and fix'd, and scarce my Eye-balls move;
 I fear it is the Lethargy of Love!
 'Tis he; I feel him now in every Part:
 Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart,
 Surveys in State each Corner of my Breast,
 While poor fierce I, that was, am dispossess'd
 I'm bound; but I will rouse my Rage again.
 And though no hope of Liberty remain,
 I'll fright my Keeper when I shake my Chain.
 You are ———

[Angrily.]

Almah — I know I am your Captive, Sir

Almanz You are ——— You shall ——— And I can scarce
 forbear ———

Almah Alas!

Almanz 'Tis all in vain, it will not do. [Aside.]

I cannot now a seeming Anger show,
 My Tongue gainst my Heart no Aid affords,
 For Love still rises up, and chokes my Words.

Almah In half this time a Tempest would be still.

Almanz 'Tis you have rais'd that Tempest in my Will.
 I wo not love you, give me back my Heart;
 But give it as you had it, fierce and brave,
 It was not made to be a Woman's Slave.
 But Lion-like, has been in Deserts bred;
 And, us'd to range, will ne'er be tamely led.
 Rome is no Freedom to my fetter'd Will,
 And I will show you Power to us you ill.

Almah My first Lord told me, your Pity move,
 But look not on me with the Eyes of Love ———
 I must be free, I have much to do.

Almanz My Pity, for I can hear you no, all Day:
 If you will come with a secret Guide. [Exit.]
 ———— Heavy cannot be deny'd.

Ev'n

Ev'n while I frown, her Charms the Furrows seize ;
And I'm corrupted with the Pow'r to please.

Almah Though in your Worth no Cause of Fear I see,
I fear the Insolence of Victory

As you are Noble, Sir, protect me then
From the rude Outrage of Insulting Men.

Almanz Who dares touch her I love ? I'm all o'er Love.
Nay, I am Love, Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my Breast at last

A'mah You see before you her who should be Queen,
Since she is promis'd to *Boabdlin*

Almanz Are you belov'd by him ! O wretched Fate,
First that I love at all ; then, lov'd too late !
Yet, I must love !

Almah ——— Alas, it is in vain ;
Fate for each other did not us ordain
The Chances of this Day too clearly show
That Heav'n took Care that it should not be so.

Almanz Would Heav'n had quite forgot me this one Day,
But Fate's yet hot ———
I'll make it take a bent another way.

[*He walks swiftly and d'composedly, studying*
I bring a Claim which does his R g't remove.
You're his by Promise, but you're mine by Love.
'Tis all but Ceremony which is past
The Knot's to tie which is to make you fast.
Fate gave not to *Boabdlin* that Pow'r
He woo'd you but as my Ambassador

Almah Our Souls are ty'd by holy Vows above

Almanz He sign'd not his ; but I will seal my Love.
I love you better with more Zeal than he.

A'mah This Day ———

I gave my Faith to him, he his to me

Almanz Good Heaven, thy Book of Fate before me lay,
But to tear out the Journal of this Day.

Or, if the Order of the World below

Will not the Gap of one whole Day allow

Give me that Minute when she made her Vow.

" I had that minute, even the Happy from their Bliss might grieve,

" And those who live in Grief, a shorter time would live

So

So small a Link, if broke, th' Eternal Chain
Would, like divided Waters, join again.
It wo't not be; the Fugitive is gone.
Prest by the Crowd of following Minutes on:
That precious Moment's out of Nature fled,
And in the Heap of common Rubbish laid,
Of things that once have been, and are decay'd

}

Almab. Your Passion, like a Fright, suspends my Pain:
It meets, o'er-pow'rs, and beats mine back again.
But, as when Tides against the Current flow,
The Native Stream runs its own Course below.
So, though your Griefs possess the upper Part,
My own have deeper Channels in my Heart.

Alma ~ Forgive that Fury which my Soul does move,
'Tis the Essay of an untaught first Love
Yet rude, unfashion'd Truth it does express.
'Tis Love just peeping in a hasty Dress.

Retire, Fair Creature, to your needful Rest;
There's something Noble lab'ring in my Breast:
This raging Fire, which through the Mass does move,
Shall purge my Dross, and shall refine my Love
[*Exeunt Alma, Ide and Esperanza.*

She goes, and I like my own Ghost appear,
It is not living, when she is not here

To bin Abdalla as King, attended

Abdal My first Acknowledgments to Heav'n are due;
My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you

Almanzor A poor Surprise, and on a raked Toe,
Whatever you confess, is all you owe!
And I no Merit own, or understand
That Fortune did you Justice by my Hand.

Yet if you will that true Service pay
With a great Favour, I can show the way

Abdal I have a favour to demand of you;
That is, to take the thing for which you sue

Almanzor Then, briefly, say, when I th' *Alhazyn* won,
I found the beautiful *Amalinda* here
Whole sad Condition did my Passion move
And that Compassion did produce my Love.

Abdal.

Abdal This needs no Suit, in Justice, I declare,
She is your Captive by the Right of War.

Almanz. She is no Captive then; I let her free.
And, rather than I will her Jailor be,
I'll nobly lose her in her Liberty. }

Abdal. Your Generosity I much approve,
But your Excess of that shows want of Love.

Almanz. No, 'tis th' excess of Love, which mounts so
high,

That, seen far off, it lessens to the Eye.

Had I not lov'd her, and had set her free,

That, Sir, had been my Generosity:

But 'tis exalted Passion, when I show

I dare be wretched, not to make her so

And, while another Passion fills her Breast,

I'll be all wretched rather than half blest.

Abdal May your Heroick Act so prosperous be,
That *Almabide* may sigh you set her free

Enter Zulema

Zul Of five tall Tow'rs which fortify this Town,
All but th' *Alhambra* your Dominion own.

No, therefore boldly I confess a Flame,

Which is excus'd in *Almabide's* Name.

If, on the Merit of this Night regard,

In her Possession I have my Reward

Almanz. She your Reward! wha, she's a Gift so great—
That I myself have not deserv'd her yet.

And therefore though I won her with my Sword,
I have, with awe, my Sacrilege restor'd.

Zul What you deserve ———

I'll not dispute, because I do not know,

This only I will say, she shall not go

Almanz. Thou shalt not give her my answer;
But take what Friends, what Arms, thou canst bring;
What Worlds, and who, you please, attend;
Then I will thrust her in your Ear, — She shall.

Zul I'll not give Title of my Right resign,
Sir, call it mine, from this date forward
What I will, and Terms my Love shall show,
You swore our Fortunes should together go.

Almanz.

Abdal. The Merits of the Cause I'll not decide,
But, like my Love, I would my Gift divide.
Your equal Titles then no longer plead;
But one of you for love of me recede.

A'manz I have receded to the utmost Line,
When, by my free Consent, she is not mine.
Then let him equally recede with me,
And both of us will join to set her free.

Zul If you will free your part of her, you may;
But, Sir, I love not your Romantick way
Dream on, enjoy her Soul, and set that free
I'm pleas'd her Person should be left for me

Almanz Thou shalt not wish her thine, thou shalt not
To be so impudent, as to despair [dare

Zul The *Zegrys*, Sir, are all concern'd to see
How much their Merit you neglect in me.

Hamet. Your slighting *Zulema*, this very Hour
Will take ten thousand Subjects from your Pow'r.

Almanz. What are ten thousand Subjects such as they?
If I am scorn'd — I'll take myself away

Abdal Since both cannot possess wh't both pursue;
I grieve, my Friend, the Chance should fall on you
But when you hear what Reasons I can urge —

Almanz None, none that your Ingratitude can purge.
Reason's a Trick, when it no Grant affords;
It stamps the Face of Majesty on Words.

Aldol Your Boldness to your Services I give;
Now take it as your full Reward to live.

Almanz To live!
If from thy Hands alone my Death can be,
I am immortal, and a God to thee.
If I would kill thee now, thy Face's so low
That I must stoop ere I can give the Blow.
But mine is fix'd so far above thy Crown,
That all thy Men,
Pild on thy Back, can never pull it down.
But at my Ease thy Destiny I send,
By ceasing from this Hour to be thy Friend
Like Heav'n, I need but only to stand still,
And, not concurring to thy Life, I kill.

Thou canst no Title to my Duty bring,
I'm not thy Subject, and my Soul's thy King.

Farewel. When I am gone,

There's not a Star of thine dare stay with thee:

I'll whistle thy tame Fortune after me;

And whirl Fate with me wheresoe'er I fly:

As Winds drive Storms before 'em in the Sky [Exit

Zul Let not this Insolent unpunish'd go;

Give your Commands; your Justice is too slow

[Zulema, Hamet, and others are going after him.

Abdal. Stay, and what part he pleases let him take,

I know my Throne's too strong for him to shake.

But my fair Mistress I too long forget;

The Crown I promis'd is not offer'd yet.

Without her Presence all my Joys are vain,

Empire a Curse, and Life itself a Pain. [Exeunt.



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar, and Guards.

Boab. **A**Dvise, or aid, but do not pity me,
No Monarch born can fall to that degree.
Pity descends from Kings to all below,
But can, no more than Fountains, upward flow.
Witress, just Heav'n, my greatest Grief has been
I could not make your *Auralide* a Queen

Aoen. I have too long th' Effects of Fortune known,
Either to trust her Smiles, or fear her Frown
Since in their first Attempt you were not slain,
Your Safety bodes you yet a second Pain
The People like a headlong Torrent go,
And ever Dam they break, or overflow;
But oppos'd, they either lose their Force,
Or wind in Volumes to their former Course.

Boab. In Walls we meanly must our Troops inclose,
To wait our Friends, and weary out our Foes,

While *Almabide*

To lawless Rebels is expos'd a Prey,
And forc'd the lustful Victor to obey

Almab One of my Blood, in Rules of Virtue bred!
Think better of her, and believe she's dead
To them Almanzor.

Bab We are betray'd, the Enemy is here;
We have no farther room to hope or fear

Almanz It is indeed *Almanzor* whom you see,
But he no longer is your Enemy.
You were ungrateful, but your Foes were more;
What your Injustice lost you, theirs restore
Make Profit of my Vengeance while you may,
My two-edg'd Sword can cut the other way.
I am your Fortune, but am swift, like her,
And turn my hasty Front if you defer
That Hour, when you delib'rate, is too late,
I point you the white Moment of your Fate

Aben Believe him sent as Prince *Abdalla's* Spy,
He would betray us to the Enemy.

Almanz Were I, like thee, in Cloaths of State grown
old, }
(Those publick Markets, where, for foreign Gold,
The poorest Prince is to the richest sold,) }
Then thou might'st think me fit for that low Part.
But I am yet to learn the States-man's Art
My Knifeness and my Hate unmask'd I wear;
For Friends to trust, and Enemies to fear.
My Heart's so plain,
That Men on ev'ry passing through may look,
Like Fishes gliding in a Crystal Brook.
When troubled most, it does the Bottom show;
Tis weightless all above, and rockless all below.

Aben Ere he be trusted, let him then be try'd;
He may be false who once has chang'd his Side

Almanz In that you more accuse yourselves than me.
None who are injur'd can unconstant be
You were unconstant, you, who did the Wrong;
To do me Justice does to Me belong

Great

Great Souls by Kindnes only can be ty'd;
 Injur'd again, again I'll leave your Side.
 Hence is what myself and Friends I owe;
 And none can lose it who forsake a Foe
 Since, then, your Foes now I appen to be mine,
 Though not in Friendship, we'll in Interest join.
 So, while my lov'd Revenge is full and high,
 I'll give you back your Kingdom by the by
Boab. That I so long delay'd what you desire,

[*Entering him*

Was not to doubt your Worth, but to admire

Almar. This Counsellor an old Man's Cause
 shows,

Who fears that little he has left to lose.

Age sees a Fortune, while Youth boldly throws

But let us first your drooping Sorrows cure,

Then seek out Danger, ere it dare appear.

This Hour I fix your Crown upon your Brow,

Next Hour Fate gives it but I give it now. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Lyndaraxa alone.

Lyndar. O could I read the dark Decrees of Fate,
 That I might once know whom to love or hate!
 I or I myself scarce my own Thoughts can guess,
 So much I find them vary'd by Success.

As in some Weather glass my Love I hold,
 Which falls or rises with the Heat or Cold.

I will be constant yet, if Fortune can,
 I love the King, let her but name the Man

To her Halyma

Hal. Madam, a Gentleman, to me unknown,
 Desires that he may speak with you alone

Lyndar. Some Message from the King, Let him appear
To her Abdelmelech, who, Entering, throws off his Disguise
She starts

Abdelm. I see you are amaz'd that I am here.
 But let at once your Fear and Wonder end,
 In the Usurper's Guards I found a Friend,

Who

Who led me to you safe in this Disguise

Lyndar. Your Danger brings this Trouble in my Eyes.
But what Affair this vent'rous Visit drew?

Abdelm. The greatest in the World, the seeing you.

Lyndar. The Courage of your Love I so admire,
That, to preserve you, you shall straight retire

[She leads him to the Door,

Go, Dear; each Minute does new Dangers bring;

You will be taken; I expect the King

Abdelm. The King! the poor Usurper of an Hour;
His Empire's but a Dream of Kingly Pow'r.

I warn you, as a Lover and a Friend,

To leave him ere his short Dominion end

'The Soldier I suborn'd will wait at Night;

And shall alone be conscious of your Flight

Lyndar. I thank you, that you so much Care bestow;

But, if his Reign be short, I need not go

For why should I expose my Life and yours,

For what, you say, a little Time assures?

Abdelm. My Danger in th' Attempt is very small:

And, if he loves you, yours is none at all

But, though his Ruin be as sure as Fate,

Your Proof of Love to me would come too late.

This Trial I, in Kindness, would allow,

'Tis easy, if you love me, show it now

Lyndar. It is because I love you, I refuse,

For all the World my Conduct would accuse,

if I should go, with him I love, away:

And therefore, in strict Virtue, I will stay.

Abdelm. You would in vain dissemble Love to me:

Through that thin Veil your Artifice I see,

You would expect th' Event, and then declare.

But do not, do not drive me to Despair

For if you now refuse with me to fly,

Rather than love you after this, I'll die

And therefore weigh it well before you speak;

My King is safe, his Force within not weak.

Lyndar. The Counsel you have giv'n me, may be wise;

But, since th' Affair is great, I will advise.

Abdelm.

Abdelm When that Delay I for Denial take — [*Is going*]

Lyndar Stay, you too swift an Exposition make
If I should go, since *Zulema* will stay,

I should my Brother to the King betray

Abdelm There is no Fear, but, if there were, I see
You value still your Brother more than me.

I arewel, some Ease I in your Falshood find,

It lets a Beam in, that will clear my Mind.

My former Weakness I with Shame confess,

And when I see you next, shall love you less.

[*Is going again*]

Lyndar. Your faithless Dealings you may blush to tell;

[*Weeping.*]

This is a *Mad's* Reward, who loves too well

[*He looks back,*]

Remember that I drew my latest Breath

In charging your Unkindness with my Death

Abdelm [*coming back*] Have I not answer'd all you
can invent,

Ev'n the least shadow of an Argument?

Lyndar You want not Cunning what you please to prove;

But my poor Heart knows only how to love.

And finding this, you Tyrannize the more:

'Tis plain, some other Mistress you adore:

And now, with study'd Tricks of Subnity,

You come prepar'd to lay the Fault on me,

[*Wringing her Hands.*]

But oh, that I should love so false a Man!

Abdelm Hear me, and then disprove it, if you can

Lyndar I'll hear no more; your Breach of Faith is plain
You would with Wit your want of Love maintain.

But, by my own Experience, I can tell,

They who love truly, cannot argue well,

Go, Faithless Man!

Leave me alone to mourn my Misery:

I cannot cease to love you, but I'll die.

[*Leans her Head on her Arm.*]

Abdelm What Man but I so long unmov'd could I

[*Weeping.*]

Such tender Passion, and refuse a Tear!

But do not think of dying any more,
Unless you mean that I should die before.

Lyndar. I fear your feign'd Repentance comes too late:
I die to see you still thus obstinate

But yet, in Death, my Truth of Love to show,
Lead me, if I have Strength enough, I'll go

Abdelm. By Heav'n you shall not go. I will not be
O'ercome in Love or Generosity,

All I desire, to end th' unlucky Strife,
Is but a Vow that you will be my Wife

Lyndar. To tie me to you by a Vow, is hard;
It shows my Love you as no Tie regard,
Name any thing, but that, and I'll agree.

Abdelm. Swear then, you never will my Rival's be.

Lyndar. Nay, pr'ythee, this is harder than before;
Name any thing, good Dear, but that thing more.

Abdelm. Now I too late perceive I am undone:
Living and seeing, to my Death I run

I know you false, yet in your Snares I fall;
You grant me nothing, and I grant you all.

Lyndar. I would grant all, but I must curb my Will,
Because I love to keep you jealous still.

In your Suspicion I your Passion find:

But I will take a time to cure your Mind.

Hilyna. Oh, Madam, the new King is drawing near!

Lyndar. Haste quickly hence, lest he should find you here.

Abdelm. How much more wretched than I came, I go!
I more my Weakness and your Falshood know,
And now must leave you with my greatest Foe!

[Exit Abdelmelech.]

Lyndar. Go how I love thee Heav'n can only tell.
And yet I love thee, for a Subject, well —

Yet whatsoever Charms a Crown can bring,
A Subject's greater than a little King.

I will attend 'till Time this Throne secure,
And, when I climb, my Footing shall be sure,

[Musick without.]

Musick! and, I believe, address'd to me.

THE FIRST PART of
SONG.

I

W Here-ever I am, and whatever I do,
My Phyllis is still in my Mind
When angry I mean not to Phyllis to go,
My Feet of themselves the Way find:
Unknown to myself I am just at her Door,
And, when I would rail, I can bring out no more,
Than Phyllis, too Fair and Unkind!

II

When Phyllis I see, my Heart bounds in my Breast,
And the Love I wou'd stifle is shown
But asleep; or awake, I am never at rest,
When from my Eyes Phyllis is gone
Sometimes a sad Dream does delude my sad Mind;
But, alas, when I wake, and no Phyllis I find,
How I sigh to myself all alone!

III.

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He should offer his Treasure in vain.
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my Phyllis again!
Let Phyllis be mine, and but ever be kind,
I could to a Desert with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign

IV

Alas, I discover too much of my Love,
And she too well knows her own Pow'r!
She makes me each Day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow Jealous each Hour
But let her each Minute torment my poor Mind,
I had rather love Phyllis, both False and Unkind,
Than ever be freea from her Pow'r.

Enter Abdalla and his Guards

Abdal Now, Madam, at your Feet a King you see,
Or, rather, if you please, a Scepter'd Slave
'Tis just you should Possess the Pow'r you gave.

Hed

Had Love not made me yours, I yet had been
But the first Subject to *Boabdelin*

Thus Heav'n declares the Crown I bring, your Due:
And has forgot my Title, but for you

Lyndar Heav'n to your Merits will, I hope, be kind;
But, Sir, it has not yet declar'd its Mind
'Tis true, it holds the Crown above your Head;
But does not fix it 'till your Brother's dead.

Abdal All, but th' *Alhambra*, is within my Power
And that my Forces go to take this Hour

Lyndar When, with its Keys your Brother's Head you
I shall believe you are indeed a King [bring,

Abdal But, since th' Events of all things doubtful are,
And, of Events, most doubtful those of War;
I beg to know before, if Fortune frown,
Must I then lose your Favour with my Crown?

Lyndar You'll soon return a Conqueror again,
And therefore, Sir, your Question is in vain.

Abdal I think to certain Victory I move;
But you may more assure it by your Love
That Grant will make my Arms invincible

Lyndar My Pray'rs and Wishes your Success foretel.
Go then, and fight, and think you fight for me;
I wait but to reward your Victory

Abdal But if I lose it, must I lose you too?

Lyndar You are too curious, if you more would know.
I know not what my future Thoughts will be
Poor Women's Thoughts are all *Extempore*
Wise Men indeed,

Beforehand a long Chain of Thoughts produce;
But ours are only for our present Use

Abdal Those Thoughts you will not know, too well
You mean to wait the final Doom o' War [declare,

Lyndar I find you come to quarrel with me now,
Would you know more of me than I allow?

Hence are you crown that great Divinity,
That with such ease into my Thoughts can pry?
Indulgence does not with some Tempers sute;
I feel I must become more absolute

Abdal I must submit,

On what hard 'Terms foe'er my Peace be bought

Lyndar Submit! you speak as you were not in Fault
'Tis evident the Injury is mine;

For why should you my secret Thoughts divine?

Abdal Yet if we might be judg'd by Reas'n's Laws!

Lyndar. Then you would have your Reason judge my
Either confess your Fault, or hold your Tongue, [Cause,
For I am sure I'm never in the Wrong.

Abdal Then I acknowledge it

Lyndar. ————— Then I forgive.

Abdal. Under how hard a Law poor Lovers live!
Who, like the Vanquish'd must their Right release
And, with the loss of Reason, buy their Peace. [Aide.
Madam, to show that you my Pow'r command,
I put my Life and Safety in your Hand:
Dispose of the *Albayzyn* as you please
To your fair Hands I here resign the Keys.

Lyndar I take your Gift, because your Love it shows,
And faithful *Selin* for *Alcade* chuse

Abdal *Selin*, from her alone your Orders take;
This one Request, yet, Madam, let me make,
That, from those Turrets, you th' Assault will see,
And crown, once more, my Arms with Victory.

[Leads her on

[*Selin* remains with *Gazul* and *Reduan* his Sergeant

Serin *Gazul*, go tell my Daughter that I wait
You, *Reduan*, bring the Pris'ner to his Fate

[Exit *Gazul* and *Reduan*

Ere of my Charge I will Possession take,
A bloody Sacrifice I mean to make.
The Manes of my Son shall smile this Day,
While I in Blood my Vows of Vengeance pay.

Enter at one Door *Benzayda* with *Gazul*, at the other
Ozmyn bound with *Reduan*

Selin I sent, *Benzayda*, to glad your Eyes
These Rights we owe your Brother's Obsequies

[To *Gazul* and *Reduan*.

You two the curs'd *Abinceriago* bind,
You need no more t'instruct you in my Mind

[They bind him to one Corner of the Stage
Exit

Benz In what sad Object am I call'd to share,
Tell me, what is it, Sir, you here prepare?

Selin 'Tis what your dying Brother did bequeath,
A Scene of Vengeance, and a Pomp of Death.

Benz The horrid Spectacle my Soul does fright,
I want the Heart to see the dismal Sight.

Selin You are my principal invited Guest,
Whose Eyes I would not only feed but feast
You are to smile at his last groaning Breath,
And laugh to see his Eye-balls roll in Death.
To judge the ling'ring Soul's convulsive Strife:
When thick short Breath catches at parting Life

Benz And of what Marble do you think me made?

Selin What, can you be of just Revenge afraid?

Benz He kill'd my Brother in his own Defence;
Pity his Youth, and spare his Innocence

Selin Art thou so soon to pardon Murder won?
Can he be Innocent who kill'd my Son?

Abenamar shall mourn as well as I;

His *Ozymyn* for my *Tarifa* shall die:

But, since thou plead'st so boldly, I will see
That Justice thou would'st hinder, done by thee:

[*Gives her his Sword*]

Here, take the Sword, and do a Sister's part;
Pierce his, fond Girl, or I will pierce thy Heart.

Ozm To his Commands I join my own Request,
All Wounds from you are Welcome to my Breast,
I think only, when your Hand this Act has done,
I has but finish'd what your Eyes begun
I thought, with Silence, to have scorn'd my Doon
But now you're noble Pry has o'ercome
Which I acknowledge with my latest Breath,
The first whoe'er began a Love in Death.

Benz to Selin Alas, what Aid can my weak Hand afford?
You'll tremble when I touch a Sword.

Dark faintness cozzles me, and turns my Sight,
Or, if I look, 'tis but to aim less right

Oz Pledge the Hand which must my Death convey;
My leaping Heart shall meet it half the way.

Selin to Benz Wast not the precious Time in idle Breath

Benz Let me resign this Instrument of Death

[*Giving the Sword to her Father, and then pulling it back.*
Ah no I was too hasty to resign -

'Tis in your Hand more mortal than in mine.

To them Hamet

Hamet. The King is from th' *Alhambra* beaten back,
And now preparing for a new Attack.

To favour which, he wills, that instantly

You reinforce him with a new Supply.

[hence,

Selin to Benz Think not, although my Duty calls me
That with the Breach of yours I will dispense.

Ere my Return, see my Commands you do;

Let me find *Ozmyn* dead; and kill'd by you.

Gazul and *Reduan*, attend her still;

And, if she dares to fail, perform my Will

[*Exeunt Selin and Hamet.*

[*Benzayda looks languishing on him, with her Sword drawn*

Gazul and *Reduan* standing with drawn Swords by her.

Ozm Defer not, fair *Benzayda*, my Death

Looking on you ———

I should but live to sigh away my Breath,

My Eyes have done the Work they had to do;

I take your Image with me, which they drew;

And when they close, I shall die full of you

Benz When Parents their Commands unjustly lay,

Children are privileg'd to disobey

Yet from that Breach of Duty I am clear,

Since I submit the Penalty to bear

To die, or kill you, is th' Alternative,

Rather than take your Life, I will not live.

Ozm This shows th' Excess of Generosity

But, Madam, you have no Pre'ence to die.

I should defame th' *Abencerages* Race,

To let a Lady suffer in my Place

But neither could that Life you would bestow

Save mine, nor do you so much Pity owe

To me, a Stranger, and your House's Foe

Benz From whence-foe'er then Hate our Houses drew

I blith to tell you, I have none for you.

'Tis a Confession which I should not make,
Had I more Time to give, or you to take:
But, since Death's near, and runs with so much Force,
We must meet first, and intercept his Course.

Ozm Oh, how unkind a Comfort do you give!
Now I fear Death again, and wish to live.
Life were worth taking, could I have it now,
But 'tis more Good than Heav'n can e'er allow
To one Man's Portion, to have Life and you.

Benz Sure, at our Births,
Death with our meeting Planets danc'd above;
Or we were wounded by a mourning Love! [*Shouts with* "
Red. The Noise returns, and doubles from behind,
It seems as if two adverse Armies join'd.
Time presses us.

Gaz ——— If longer you delay,
We must, though loth, your Father's Will obey

Ozm Haste, Madam, to fulfil his hard Commands.
And rescue me from their ignoble Hands
Let me kiss yours, when you my Wound begin,
Then easy Death will slide with Pleasure in.

Benz Ah, gentle Soldiers, some short time allow.

[*To Gaz and Red.*

My Father has repented him ere now,
Or will repent him, when he finds me dead.
My Clue of Life is twin'd with *Ozmyn's* Thread

Red. 'Tis fatal to refuse her or obey;
But where is our Excuse? what can we say?

Benz Say any thing ———
Say, that to kill the Guiltless you were loth,
Or if you did, say, I would kill you both

Gaz To disobey our Orders is to die.
I'll do it, who dare oppose it?

Red. ——— That dare I

[*Peduan stands before Ozmyr, and fights with Gazul*

Benzayda unties Ozmyr, and gives him a Sword.

Benz Stay not to see the Issue of the Fight,

[*Red kills Gaz.*

But haste to save yourself by speedy Flight

[*Ozmyn kneels to kiss her Hand*

D 2

Ozm.

Ozm. Did all Mankind against my Life conspire,
Without this Blessing I would not retire
But, Madam, can I go and leave you here?
Your Father's Anger now for you I fear.
Consider you have done too much to stay.

Benz Think not of me, but fly yourself away

Redu Haste quickly hence, the Enemies are nigh.
From every part I see the Soldiers fly,
The Poes not only our Assaults bear,
But fiercely fall out on their Retreat;
And, like a Sea broke loose, come on again

*To them Abernamar, and a Party with their Swords
drawn, driving in some of the Enemies*

Aben Flaytois, you hope to save yourselves in vain,
Your forfeit Lives shall for your Treason pay,
And *Ozmyn's* Blood shall be reveng'd this Day

Ozm No, Sir, your *Ozmyn* lives, and lives to own
[*Kneeling to his Father.*]

A Father's Piety to free his Son

Aben My *Ozmyn*! O thou Blessing of my Age!
[*Embracing him.*]

And art thou safe from their deluded Rage?
Whom must I praise for thy Deliverance?
Was it thy Valour, or the work of Chance?

Ozm Nor Chance nor Valour could deliver me,
But 'twas a noble Pity set me free.
My Liberty and Life,

And what your Happiness you're pleas'd to call,
We to this charming Beauty owe it all

Aben Instruct me, visible Divinity, [To her,
Instruct me by what Name to worship thee
For to thy Virtue I would Altars raise
Since thou art much above all human Praise
But see——

Enter Almarcor, L's Sister & Bloomy, leading in Almahide, attended by Esperanza.

My other Blessing, *Almahide* is here.

I'll to the King, and tell him she is near.

You, *Ozmyn*, on your fair Deliverer wait.

And with your private Joys the publick celebrate [Ex
Almarcor

Almanzor, Almahide, and Esperanza

Almanz The Work is done, now, Madam, you are free;
At least, if I can give you Liberty.

But you have Chains which you your self have chose;
And, O, that I could free you too from those!
But, you are free from force, and have full Pow'r
To go, and kill my Hopes and me, this Hour.
If so, then, you will go, but yet my Toil
May be rewarded with a looking While

Almah Almanzor can from ev'ry Subject raise
New matter for our Wonder and his Praise
You bound and freed me, but the Difference is,
Tha' show'd your Valour; but your Virue this

Almanz Madam, you praise a Fatal Victory;
At whose sad Pomp the Conqueror must die.

Almah Conquest attends Almanzor ev'ry where,
I'm too small a Foe for him to fear.
Put Heroes still must be oppos'd by some,
Or they would want occasion to o'ercome.

Almanz Madam, I cannot on bare Praises live:
Those who abound in Praises, seldom give {known,

Almah While I to all the World your Worth make
May Heav'n reward the Pity you have shown.

Almanz My Love is languishing and starv'd to death,
And would you give me Charity, in Breath
Prayers are the Alms of Church-men to the Poor:
They send to Heav'n's, but drive us from the Door.

Almah Certe, cease a Suit
So vain to you, and troublesome to me,
If you will have me think that I am free
If I am yet a Slave, my Bonds I'll bear,
But, what I cannot grant, I will not hear

Almanz You wo't not hear! you must both hear and grant;
For, Madam, there's an Impudence in Want

Almah Your Way is somewhat strange to ask Relief;
You ask with threatening, like a begging Thief
Once more, Almanzor, tell me, am I free?

Almanz Madam, you are from all the World—but me.
As a Pirate, when he frees the Prize
Took from Friends, sees the rich Merchandize,
At last, after he has freed it, justly buys;

So, when I have restor'd your Liberty —

But then, alas, I am too poor to buy!

Almah Nay, now you use me just as Pyrates do:
You free me; but expect a Ransom too

Almarz You've all the Freedom that a Prince can have,
But Greatness cannot be without a Slave.

A Monarch never can in private move,

But still is haunted with officious Love

So small an Inconvenience you may bear,

'Tis all the Fine Fate sets upon the Fair.

Almah Yet Princes may retire, whenc'er they please;
And breathe free Air from out their Palaces

'They go sometimes unknown, to shun their State;

And then, 'tis Manners not to know or wait

Almarz If not a Subject then, a Ghost I'll be,
And from a Ghost, you know, no Place is free.

Asleep, awake, I'll haunt you ev'ry where,

From my white Shroud glow Love into your Ear.

When in your Lover's Arms you sleep at Night,

I'll glide in Cold between, and seize my Right.

And isn't not better, in your Nuptial Bed,

To have a living Lover than a dead?

Almah I can no longer bear to be accus'd,
As if what I could grant you, I refus'd.

My Father's Choice I never will dispute,

And he has chosen ere you mov'd your Suit.

You know my Case, if equal you can be,

Pitied for yourself, and answer it for me.

Almarz Then, Madam, in that Hope you bid me live;
I ask no more than you may justly give

But in strict Justice there may Favour be,

and may I hope that you have that for me?

Almah Why do you thus my secret Thoughts pursue,
Which known, hurt me, and cannot profit you?

Your Knowledge but new Troubles does prepare,

Like theirs who curious in their Fortunes are.

To say I could with more Content be yours,

Tempts you to hope, but not that Hope assures.

For since the King has Right,

And favour'd by my Father in his Suit,

It is a Blossom which can bear no Fruit.

Yet,

Yet, if you dare attempt so hard a Task,
May you succeed, you have my Leave to ask.

Almanz I can with Courage now my Hopes pursue,
Since I no longer have to combat you,
That did the greatest Difficulty bring,
The rest are small, a Father and a King!

Almanz Great Souls discern not when the Leap's too
Because they only view the farther Side [wide,
Whatever you desire, you think is near
But, with more Reason, the Event I fear.

Almanz No, there is a Necessity in Fate,
Why still the brave bold Man is fortunate,
He keeps his Object ever fell in sight,
And that Assurance holds him firm and right.
True, 'tis a narrow Path that leads to Bliss,
But right before there is no Precipice
Fear makes Men look aside, and then their footing miss }

Arab I do your Merit all the Right I can,
Admiring Virtue in a private Man
I only wish the King may grateful be,
And that my Father with my Eyes may see.
Might I not make it as my last Request,
(Since humble Carriage suits a Suppliant best)
That you would somewhat of your Fierceness hide:
That inborn Fire; I do not call it Pride

Almanz Born as I am, still to Command, not Sue,
Yet you shall see that I can beg for you
And if your Father will require a Crown,
Let him but name the Kingdom, 'tis his own.
I am, but while I please, a private Man,
I have that Soul which Empires first began
From the dull Croud, which every King does lead,
I will pick out whom I will chuse to head.
The best and bravest Souls I can select,
And on their Conquer'd Necks my Throne erect

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

Abdalla alone, under the Walls of the Albayzyn

Abdul While she is mine, I have not yet lost all,
But in her Arms shall have a gentle Fall,
Blest in my Love, although in War overcome,
I fly, like *Anchony* from *Actium*,
'To meet a better *Cleopatra* here.

You of the Watch; you of the Watch; appear.

Sold above Who calls below? What's your Demand?

Abdul ——— 'Tis I

Open the Gate with speed, the Foe is nigh.

Sold What Orders for Admittance do you bring?

Abdul Slave, my own Orders, look, and know the King.

Sold I know you, but my Charge is so severe,
That none, without Exception, enter here

Abdul Traytor, and Rebel, thou shalt shortly see
Thy Orders are not to extend to me [claim,

Lyndar above. What saucy Slave so rudely does ex-
And brands my Subject with a Rebel's Name?

Abdul Dear *Lyndar*, haste; the Foes pursue

Lyndar My Lord, the Prince *Abdalla*, is it you?
I scarcely can believe the Words I hear,
Could you so coarsely treat my Officer?

Abdul He forc'd me, but the Danger nearer draw,
When I am enter'd, you shall know the Cause

Lyndar Enter'd! Why have you any Business here?

Abdul I am pursu'd, the Enemy is near.

Lyndar Are you pursu'd, and do you thus delay
To save yourself? Make haste, my Lord away

Abdul Give me not cause to thank you mock my
What Place have I, but this, for my Retreat? — [Exit

Lyndar 'Tis Favour does your Handmaid much oblige,
But we are not provided for a Siege

My Subjects few, and their Provision thin,
The Fee is strong without, we weak within.
This to my noble Lord may seem unkind,
But he will weigh it in his Princely Mind:
And pardon her, who does Assurance want
So much, she blushes when she cannot grant.

Abdal Yes, you may blush, and you have cause to weep.
Is this the Faith you promis'd me to keep?
Ah yet, if to a Lover you will bring
No Succour, give your Succour to a King

Lynce A King is he whom nothing can withstand;
Who Men and Money can with ease command
A King is he whom Fortune still does bless;
He is a King who does a Crown possess
If you would have me think that you are he,
Produce to view your Marks of Sovereignty
But if yourself alone for Proof you bring,
You're but a single Person, not a King

Abdal Ingrateful Maid, did I for this rebel?
I am no more, but I have lov'd too well

Lynce Who but yourself did that Rebellion move?
Did I ever promise to receive your Love?

Abdal Fault you are not fortunate?

Lynce He is a King, but a poor Rebel hate

Abdal Who follow Fortune, still are in the right—

Lynce The Place To-morrow will be circled round;
But let me be protested here this Night
And then no way will for your Flight be found.

Abdal I hear my Enemies just coming on,

[*Trampling and* *Lin.*]

Protect me but one Hour, 'till they are gone

Lynce They'll know you have been here, it cannot be,
That very Hour you stay, will ruin me.

For if the Pow' beholds our Interview,

I shall be thought a Rebel too, like you

Hence I go, and, that your Flight may prosperous prove,
I recommend you to the Pow'rs above

[*Trampling and* *Abdal* *alone.*]

Abdal She's gone—Ah, faithless and ingrateful Maid!
Lace, some tread, and tear, I am betray'd

I'll to the *Spanish* King; and try if he,
To count'nance his own Right, will succour me.
There is more Faith in Christian Dogs, than thee. [*Exit.*]

Enter Ozmyn, Benzayda and Abenamar.

Benz. ——— I wish

(To merit all these Thanks) I could have said,
My Pity only did his Virtue aid,
'Twas Pity, but 'twas of a Love-sick Maid.
His manly Suff'ring my Esteem did move,
That bred Compassion, and Compassion Love.

Ozm. O Blessing fold me at too cheap a rate!
My Danger was the Benefit of Fate. [*To his Father.*
But that you may my Fair Deliv'rer know,
She was not only born our House's Foe,
But to my Death by pow'rful Reasons led,
At least, in Justice, she might wish me dead.

Aben. But why thus long do you her Name conceal?

Ozm. To gain Belief for what I now reveal.
E'en thus prepar'd, you scarce can think it true,
The Saver of my Life from *Selin* drew
Her Birth; and was his Sister whom I slew.

Aben. No more, it cannot, was not, must not be
Upon my Blessing, say not it was she.
'The Daughter of the only Man I hate!
Two Contradictions twisted in a Fate!

Ozm. The mutual Hate which you and *Selin* bore,
Does but exalt her gen'rous Pity more.
Could she a Brother's Death forgive to me,
And cannot you forget her Family?
Can you so ill require the Life I owe,
To reckon her, who gave it, still your Foe?
It lends too great a Lustre to her Line,
To let her Virtue ours so much out-shine. [*have,*

Aben. Thou gav'st her Line th' Advantage which they
By, meanly taking of the Life they gave.
Grant that it did in her a Lark show;
But would my Son be pitied by a Foe?
She has the Glory of thy Act defaced:
Thou kill'dst her Brother, but she triumphs last

Poorly

Poorly for us our Enmity would cease ;
When we are beaten, we receive a Peace.

Benz If that be all in which you disagree,
I must confess 'twas *Ozmyn* conquer'd me.
Had I beheld him basely beg his Life,
I should not now submit to be his Wife.
But when I saw his Courage Death controul,
I paid a secret Homage to his Soul,
And thought my cruel Father much to blame,
Since *Ozmyn's* Virtue his Revenge did shame.

Aben What Constancy can'st thou e'er hope to find
In that unstable, and soon conquer'd Mind ?
What Piety can'st thou expect from her,
Who could forgive a Brother's Murderer ?
Or, what Obedience hop'st thou to be pay'd,
From one who first her Father disobey'd.

Ozm Nature that bids us Parents to obey,
Bids Parents their Commands by Reason weigh.
And you her Virtue by your Praise did own,
Before you knew by whom the Act was done.

Aben Your Reasons speak too much of Insolence,
Her Birth's a Crime past Pardon or Defence.
Know, that as *Selin* was not won by thee,
Neither will I by *Selin's* Daughter be.
Leave her, or cease henceforth to be my Son :
This is my Will, and this I will have done [*Exit Aben.*]

Ozm It is a murd'ring Will !
That whirls along with an impetuous Sway ,
And, like Char- shot, sweeps all things in its Way.
He does my honour want of Duty call ,
To that, and Love, he has no Right at all ;

Benz No, *Ozmyn*, no, it is a much less Ill
To leave me, than dispute a Father's Will .
If I had any Title to your Love,
Your Father's greater Right does mine remove
Your Vows and Faith I give you back again,
Since neither can be kept without a Sin.

Ozm. Nothing but Death my Vows can give me back :
They are not yours to give, nor mine to take

Brus Nay, think not, though I could your Vows resign,
My Love or Virtue could dispense with mine.

I would extinguish your unlucky Fire,
To make you happy in some new Desire :

I can preserve enough for me and you
And love, and be unforterate for two.

Ozm In all that's good and great
You vanquish me so fast, that in the End
I shall have nothing left me to Defend.
From ev'ry Post you force me to remove,
But let me keep my last Retrenchment, Love

Brus Love then, my *Ozgn*, I will be content

[Giving her Hand

To make you wretched by your own Consent.
Live poor, despis'd, and banish'd for my Sake,
And all the Burden of my Sorrows take,
For all for me, in whatke'er Estate,
While I have you, I must be Fortunate.

Ozm Thus then, secur'd of what we hold most dear,
(Each other's Love) we'll go — I know not where
For where, alas, should we our Flight begin?
The Foe's without, our Parents are within

Brus. I'll fly to you, and you shall fly to me
Our Flight but to each other's Arms shall be.
To Providence and Chance permit the rest;
Let us but love enough, and we are blest.

[Exeunt

Enter Boabdlin, Aberamar, Abdelmelech, Guard
Zulema and Hamet Prisoners

Abdlin They're *Lydaxa*'s Brothers, for her Sale
Their Lives and Pardon my Request I make.

Brab Then, *Zulema* and *Hamet*, live, but know
Your Lives to *Abdelmelech* Sure you owe

Zul The Grace receiv'd so much my Hope exceeds,
That Words come weak and short to answer Deeds
You've made a Venture, Sir, and Time must show
If this great Mercy you did well bestow

Boab You, *Abdelmelech*, haste before 'tis Night,
And close pursue my Brother in his Flight

[Exeunt *Abdelmelech*, *Zulema* and *Hamet*.

Enter Almanzor, Almahide and Esperanza.

But see, with *Almahide*

The brave *Almanzor* comes, whose conqu'ring Sword
The Crown it once took from me, has restor'd
How can I recompence so great Desert!

Almanz. I bring you, Sir, perform'd in every Part,
My Promise made, your Foes are fled or slain,
Without a Rival, absolute you reign,
Yet though in Justice, this enough may be,
It is too little to be done by me
I beg to go

Where my own Courage and your Fortune calls,
To chase these Misbelievers from our Walls.

I cannot breathe within this narrow Space;
My Heart's too big, and swells beyond the Place

Boab. You can perform, brave Warrior, what you please;
Tale listens to your Voice, and then decrees
Now I no longer fear the *Span'sh* Pow'rs,
At last we are free, and Conquerors.

Almanz. Accept, great King, To-morrow, from my
The Captive Head of conquer'd *Leidrand* [Hand,
You shall not only what you left regain,
But o'er the *Bispan* Mountains to the Main,
Extend your sway, where never *Moor* did reign. }

Alm. What in another Vanity would seem,
Appears but noble Confidence in him,
No haughty Boasting, but a Manly Pride
A Soul too fiery, and too great to guide.
He moves excentricque, like a wand'ring Star,
Whose Motion's just, tho' tis not regular

Boab. It is for you brave Man, and only you,
Greatly to speak, and yet more greatly do.
But, if your Benefits too far extend,
I must be left ungrateful in the End
Yet so ne what I would pay,
Before my Debts above all Reckning grow;
To keep me from the Shame of what I owe.
But you —

Are conscious to yourself of such Desert,
That of your Gift I fear to offer part

Almanz.

Almanz. When I shall have declar'd my high Request,
So much Presumption there will be confest,
That you will find your Gifts I do not shun;
But rather much o'er-rate the Service done.

Boab. Give wing to your Desires, and let 'em fly,
Secure they cannot mount a pitch too high.
So bless me, *Alba*, both in Peace and War,
As I accord, whate'er your Wishes are.

Almanz. Embolden'd by the Promise of a Prince,

[*Putting one Knee to the Ground.*]

I ask this Lady now with Confidence

Boab. You ask the only thing I cannot grant

[*The King and Abenamar look amazedly on each other*
Put, as a Stranger, you are ignorant
Of what by publick Fame my Subjects know;
She is my Mistress:

Aben — And my Daughter too

Almanz. Believe, old Man, that I her Father knew.
What else should make *Almanzor* kneel to you?
Nor doubt, Sir, but your Right to her was known
For had you had no Claim but Love alone,
I could produce a better of my own.

Almah softly to him *Almanzor*, you forget my last
Request.

Your Words have too much Haughtiness express'd.
Is this the humble way you were to move?

Almanz. to her I was too far transported by my Love.
Forgive me; for I had not learn'd to flee
To any thing before, but Heav'n and you.

Sir, at your Feet, I make it my Request--[*To the King.*]

[*First Line kneeling. Second rising, and bold.*]
Though without branding, I deserve her best;
For you her Love with gaudy Titles sought,
But I her Heart with Blood and Dangers bought

Boab. The Blood which you have shed in her Defence,
Shall have in time a fitting Recompence:

Or, if you think your Services unbought,
Name but your Price, and you shall soon be paid.

Almanz. My Price! why, King, you do not think you deal
With one who sets his Services to Sale?

Reserve your Gifts for those who Gifts regard;
And now I think myself above Reward.

Boab Then sure you are some God-head, and our Care
Must be to come with Incense, and with Prayer.

Almanz As little as you think yourself oblig'd,
You would be glad to do t, when next Besieg'd.
But I am pleas'd there should be nothing due;
For what I did, was for myself, not you

Boab You with Contempt on meaner Gifts look down
And, aiming at my Queen, disdain my Crown
That Crown restor'd, deserves no Recompence,
Since you would rob the fairest Jewel thence.
Dare not henceforth Ungrateful me to call;
Whate'er I ow'd you, this has cancell'd all.

Almanz I'll call thee thankless King, and perjur'd both;
Thou swor'st by *Alba*, and hast broke thy Oath
But thou do'st well, thou tak'st the cheapest way,
Not to own Services thou can'st not pay.

Boab My Patience more than pays thy Service past;
But now this Insolence shall be thy last.

Hence from my Sight, and take it as a Grace
Thou liv'st, and art but banish'd from the Place

Almanz Where-e'er I go, there can no Exile be;
But from *Almanzor's* Sight I banish thee
I will not now, if thou would'st beg me, stay;
But I will take my *Almahide* away
Stay thou with all thy Subjects here, but know
We leave the City empty when we go

[*Takes Almahide's Hand.*]

Boab Fall on; take, kill the Traitor
[*The Guards fall on him, he makes at the King through
the midst of them, and falls upon him, they disarm him,
and reject the King.*]

Almanz ——— Base and poor,
Blush that thou art *Almanzor's* Conqueror
[*Almahide wrings her Hands, then turns and wails her Face.*
Farewel, my *Almahide*!

Life of itself will go, now thou art gone,
Like Fires in Winter when they lose the Sun

[*Abenamar whispers the King a little, then speaks aloud.*
Aben.

Alen Revenge, and taken so secure a way,
Are Blessings which Heav'n sends not every Day

Boob I will at leisure now revenge my Wrong,
And, T'aitor, thou shalt feel my Vengeance long.
Thou shalt not die just at thy own Desire,
But see my Nuptials, and with Rage expire

Almanzo Thou dar'st not Marry her while I'm in sight
With a bent Brow thy Priest and thee I'll fright.
And in that Scene,

Which all my Hopes and Wishes should content,
The Thought of me shall make thee Impotent

[He is led off by Guards]

Boob As some fair Tulip, by a Storm oppress'd

[To Almah.

Shrinks up, and folds its like Arms to Rest,
And, bending to the Blast, all pale and dead,
Hears, from within, the Wind sing round its Head
So shrouded up your Beauty disappears,
Unveil, my Love, and lay aside your Fears

The Storm that caus'd your Fright, is past and done

[Almahide awakes, and looking round for Almanzo,
Almah. So I now sleep out too soon, and miss the Sun

[Turning from him]

Boob What Mystery in this strange Behaviour lies?

Almah. Let me for ever hide these guilty Eyes,
Which lighted my *Almanzo* to his Tomb;
Or, let me b'lieve to show me there a Room

Boob Heaven lent thee Lustre for a nobler End.

A thousand Torches must their Light attend,

To lead you to a Temple and a Crown ———

Why does my fairest *Almahide* frown?

Am I less pleasing than I was before,

Or is the insolent *Almanzor* more?

Almah. I justly own that I some Pity have,
Not for the Insolent, but for the Brave

Alen Though to your King your Duty you neglect,
Know, *Almahide*, I look for no other Prospect

And, if a Parent's Charge your Mind can move,
Receive the Blessing of a Monarch's Love.

Almah

Almah Did he my Freedom to his Life prefer,
And shall I wed *Almanzor's* Murderer?

No, Sir; I cannot to your Will submit
Your Way's too rugged for my tender Feet

Aben You must be driv'n where you refuse to go.
And taught, by Force, your Happiness to know

Almah To force me, Sir, is much unworthy you
[Smiling scornfully.]

And when you would, impossible to do.
If Force could bend me, you might think, with Shame,
That I debase the Blood from whence I came.

My Soul is soft, which you may gently lay
In your loose Palm, but when 'tis press'd to stay,
Like Water, it deludes your Grasp, and slips away. }

Boab I find I must revoke what I decreed.

Almanzor's Death my Nuptials must precede.

Love is a Magick which the Lover ties,
But Charms still end, when the Magician dies.

Go, let me hear my hated Rival's dead, [To his Guard.
And to convince my Eyes, bring back his Head.

Almah Go on I wish no other way to prove
That I am worthy of *Almanzor's* Love.

We will in Death, at least, united be;

I'll shew you I can die as well as he

Boab What should I do ' when equally I dread

Almanzor living, and *Almanzor* dead? ———

Yet, by your Promise, you are mine alone. [Own?

Almah How dare you claim my Faith, and break your

Aben This for your Virtue is a weak Defence.
No second Vows can with your first atone.

Yet, since the King did to *Almanzor* swear,

And in his Death ingratul may appear,

He ought, in Justice, first to spare his Life,

And then to claim your Promise as his Wife.

Boab Whate'er my secret Inclinations be,
To this, since Honour ties me, I agree:

Yet I decline, and to the World will own,

That, far from seeking, I would shun the Throne,

And with *Almanzor* lead an humble Life,

There is a private Greatness in his Wife.

Boab.

Boab That little Love I have, I hardly buy,
 You give my Rival all, while you deny
 Yet, *Almahide*, to let you see your Pow'r,
 Your lov'd *Almanzor* shall be free this hour.
 You are obey'd, but 'tis so great a Grace,
 That I could wish me in my Rival's Place

[*Exeunt King and Aberamar*]

Almah How bless'd was I before this fatal Day!
 When all I knew of Love, was to obey!
 'Twas Life becalm'd, without a gentle Breath;
 Though not so cold, yet motionless as Death
 A heavy quiet State, but Love all Stife,
 All rapid, is the Hurricane of Life.
 Had Love not shown me, I had never seen
 An Excellence beyond *Beabdehn*
 I had not, aiming higher, lost my Rest,
 But with a Vulgar Good been dully blest
 But, in *Almanzor*, having seen what's rare,
 Now I have learnt too sharply to compare;
 And, like a Fav'rite, quickly in Disgrace,
 Just knew the Value ere I lost the Place.

To her Almanzor bound and guarded.

Almanz. I see the End for which I'm hither sent,

[*Looking down.*]

To double, by your Sight, my Punishment.
 There is a Shame in Bonds I cannot bear,
 Far more than Death to meet your Eyes I fear.

Almah That Shame of long continuance shall not be.

[*Unbinding him*]

The King, at my Intreaty, sets you free

Almanz The King! my Wonder's greater than before:
 How did he dare my Freedom to restore?
 He like some Captive Lion uses me;
 He runs away before he sets me free,
 And takes a Sanctuary in his Court:
 I'll rather lose my Life than thank him for't.

Almah. If any Subject for your Thanks there be,
 The King expects 'em not, you owe 'em me
 Our Freedoms through each other's Hands have past,
 You give me my Revenge in winning lust

Almanz

Almanz Then Fate commodiously for me has done ;
To lose mine there, where I would have it won

Almab *Almanzor*, you too soon will understand,
That what I win is on another's Hand
The King (who doom'd you to a cruel Fate)
Gave to my Pray'rs both his Revenge and Hate .
But no other Price would rate your Life,
Then my Consent and Oath to be his Wife.

Almanz Would you to save my Life my Love betray ? }
Here, take me ; bind me , carry me away , }
Kill me . I'll kill you if you disobey.

[*To the Guards.*

Almab That absolute Command your Love does give,
I take, and charge you by that Pow'r to live.

Almanz When Death, the last of Comforts, you refuse,
You a Pow'r, like Heav'n upon the Damn'd, you use ,
You force me in my Being to remain,
To make me last, and keep me fresh for Pain.
When all my Joys are gone,
What Cause can I, for living longer, give,
But a dull, lazy Habitude to live ?

Almab Rash Men, like you, and impotent of Will,
Give Chance no time to turn, but urge her still :
She would repent ; you push the Quarrel on,
And once because she went, she must be gone.

Almanz She shall not turn , what is it she can do
To recompence me for the Loss of you ?

Almab Heav'n will reward your Worth some better way.
At least, for me, you have but lost one Day .
Nor is't a real Loss which you deplore ;
You sought a Heart that was engag'd before
'Twas a swift Love which took you in his way ,
Flew only through your Heart, but made no Stay .
'Twas but a Dream, where Truth had not a Place ;
A Scene of Fancy, mov'd so swift a Pace,
And shifted, that you can but think it was :
Let, then, the short vexatious Vision pass

Almanz My Joys, indeed, are Dreams ; but not my Pain :
'Twas a swift Ruin , but the Marks remain.

When

When some fierce Fire lays goodly Buildings waste,
Would you conclude

There had been none, because the Burning's past ?

Almah It was your fault, that Fire seiz'd all your Breast,
You should have blown up some to save the rest :

But 'tis, at worst, but so consum'd by Fire
As Cities are that by their Fall rise higher.

Bound Love a nobler Temple in my place ;

You'll find the Fire has but enlarg'd your Space.

Almanz Love has undone me, I am grown so poor, }
I sadly view the Ground I had before,
But want a Stock, and neer can build it more }

Almah 'Then say what Charity I can allow ;
I would contribute, if I knew but how.

Take Friendship, or if that too small appear,

Take Love which Sisters may to Brothers bear.

Almanz A Sister's Love ! that is so pall'd a Thing,
What Pleasure can it to a Lover bring ?

'Tis like thin Food to Men in Fevers spent ;

Just keeps alive, but gives no Nourishment.

What Hopes, what Fears, what Transports can it move ?

'Tis but the Ghost of a departed Love.

Almah You, like some greedy Cormorant, devour
All my whole Life can give you in an Hour.

What more I can do for you is to die,

And that must follow, if you this deny.

Since I gave up my Love that you might live,

You, in refusing Life, my Sentence give.

Almanz Far from my Breul be such an impious Thought
Your Death would lose the Quiet mine had sought,
I'll live for you in spite of Misery.

But you shall grieve that I had rather die

I'll be so wretched, fill'd with such Despair,

That you shall see, to live was more to dare.

Almah Adieu, then, O my Soul's far better Part,
Your Image sticks so close

That the Blood follows from my rending Heart

A last Farewell !

For, since a last must come, the rest are vain !

Like Gasps in Death, which but prolong our Pain

But, since the King is now a Part of me,
Cease from henceforth to be his Enemy
Go now, for Pity go, for if you stay,
I fear I shall have something still to say.

Thus — I for ever shut you from my Sight [Veils
Almanz. Like one thrust out in a cold Winter's Night,
Yet shivering underneath your Gate I stay:
One look — I cannot go before 'tis Day —

[She beckons him to be gone
Not one — Farewel Whate'er my Suffrings be }
Within, I'll speak Farewel as loud as she,
I will not be out-undone in Constancy — }
[She turns her Back.

Then like a dying Conqueror I go;
At least I have look'd last upo' my Foe
I go — but, if too heavily I move,
I walk encumber'd with a Weight of Love
Fain I would leave the Thought of you behind,
But still, the more I cast you from my Mind,
You dash, like Water, back, when thrown against the
Wind [Exit.] }

[As he goes off, the King meets him with Abenamar, they stare at each other without saluting.

Boab With him go ll my Fears A Guard there wait,
And see him safe without the City Gate
To them Abdelmelech

Now, Abdelmelech, is my Brother dead?

Abdelm Th' Usurper to the Christian Camp is fled,
Whom as Granada's lawful King they own,
And vow, by Force, to seat him on the Throne
Mean time the Rebels in th' Albaycyn rest,
Which is in Lyndaraxa's Name possess.

Boab Haste, and reduce it instantly by Force

Abdelm First give me leave to prove a milder Course.
She will, perhaps, on Summons yield the Place

Boab We cannot to, your Sure, refuse her Grace

[One enters hastily and whispers Abenamar

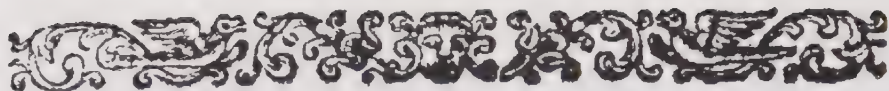
Aben How Fortune persecutes this hoary Head!
My Ozmuz is with Selim's Daughter fled.

But

But he's no more my Son ———
My Hate shall like a Zegry him pursue,
'Till I take back what Blood from me he drew.

Boab Let War and Vengeance be To morrow's Care
But let us to the Temple now repair
A thousand Torches make the Mosque more bright.
This must be mine and *Almalide's* Night.
Hence, ye importunate Affairs of State;
You should not tyrannize on Love, but wait.
Had Life no Love, none would for Business live;
Yet still from Love the largest Part we give
And must be forc'd, in Empire's weary Toil,
To live long wretched, to be pleas'd a while. [*Exeunt.*]





E P I L O G U E.

*S*uccess, which can no more than Beauty last,
Mates our sad Poets mourn your Favours past:
For, since without Desert he got a Name,
He fears to lose it now with greater Shame.
Fame, like a little Mistress of the Town,
Is gain'd with Ease; but then she's lost as soon.
For, as those tawdry Misses, soon or late,
Filt such as keep 'em at the highest Rate,
And oft the Lacquey, or the brawny Clown,
Gets what is hid in the loose body'd Gown,
So, Fame is false to all that keep her long;
And turns up to the Fop that's brisk and young.
Some wiser Poet now would leave Fame first
But elder Wits are, like old Lovers, curs'd,
Who, when the Vigour of their Youth is spent,
Still grow more fond, as they grow impotent
This, some Years hence, our Poet's Case may prove,
But, yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.
When Forty comes, if e'er he live to see
That wretched, fumbling Age of Poetry,
'Twill be high time to bid his Muse Adieu.
Well he may please himself, but never you.
Till then, he'll do as well as he began,
And hopes you will not find him less a Man.

Think

E P I L O G U E.

*Think him not duller for this Year's Delay,
 He was prepar'd, the Women were away,
 And Men, without their Parts, can hardly play.
 If they, through Sickness, seldom did appear,
 Pity the Virgins of each Theater;
 For, at both Houses, 'twas a sickly Year!
 And pity us, your Servants, to whose Cost,
 In one such Sickness, nine whole Months are lost.
 Their Stay, he fears, has ruin'd what he writ.
 Long waiting both disab'les Love and Wit.
 They thought they gave him Leisure to do well:
 But, when they forc'd him to attend, he fell!
 Yet though he much has fail'd, he begs, to-day,
 You will excuse his unperforming Play:
 Weakness sometimes great Passion does express,
 He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you less.*



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